

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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The Nile Voyagers.

A reporter of SATURDAY NIGHT, meeting Lieut. Col. F. C. Denison, M.P., who commanded the Canadian Voyagers on the Gordon Relief Expedition of 1884, asked him if he had read the Ramblings of a Nile Voyager by Charles Lewis Shaw in our Christmas Number.

"Yes, I did," replied the Colonel with sudden interest. "I read them and was much interested in his account of the expedition. It was very accurate. He draws on his imagination at times, of course, but we must expect that. His description of taking a rapid was very life-like, and the whole thing is told in most amusing terms. In fact, I was so pleased that I sent copies of your Christmas Number to different English officers high up in command of that expedition."

"Well, in this week's issue we continue Mr. Shaw's account of the trip. We will not repeat what has already appeared," said the reporter. "What is yet to appear will be complete in itself and the humor of it will make a sensation."

"I believe you," replied Col. Denison. "I am waiting with the greatest of interest for what is to come, and all who were on the expedition must be waiting with anticipation as keen as my own."

Everyone is taking the liveliest interest in these ramblings, and critics declare them the best newspaper feature brought out here in years. See page 7.

Around Town.

Everyone comes now and then in contact with an intense man who believes that the end of the world cannot be much longer deferred. This grand catastrophe has been predicted times innumerable during the past thousand years, and more people breathed easier after the mystic year 1881 had been safely lived through, than would now care to confess their sensations in regard to the matter. Some years ago in Canada the members of a certain sect assembled on the house-tops at a given time, expecting to ascend bodily into bliss before the great final climax occurred. Some unbelievers had the profane forethought to secure deeds of the property owned by some of the ascensionists before they repaired to the watch-towers—they not hesitating to testify to their faith in that practical fashion—and some still hold property acquired at that time and in that way. Nearly every man has an idea snugly stowed up within him, but never revealed to the cold eyes of his fellows, that the world will never have the same decent excuse for existing once he has gone from it. It is probably this principle, or rather this instinct, that has all through history made individuals and peoples so prone to believe the end of the world near at hand. Over in the States the members of a small religious sect are making noisy preparations for ascension into heaven some time next summer. They are preparing white robes and artificial wings with which to propel themselves upwards. Just what advantage they expect to derive from wings after they have passed the outer edge of the earth's atmosphere and emerge flapping and gasping in the vast realm of nothingness, is not apparent to science. But if we grant that their wings will be of service; that a path of atmosphere will be stretched out before them; that their physical bodies will make the flight by means of material wings, they should be apprised of the tremendous journey before them. In taking their material persons along they show that they anticipate a material heaven as their destination, and if we grant that the nearest material body in the solar system is their city of refuge, they have several hundred years of very fast flying ahead of them. If they are wise they will look well to their wings! I never scoff in speech or thought at sacred things, but feel that it reproves sacrilege to point out the nonsense of those who, with contrivances of their own creation, would aspire to wing infinite space.

Those who have prophesied an early end to the world and those who have put faith in such prophecies, have usually been extremely religious and sincere people, who quoted sacred writings in support of their belief. Looking to each quarter of their little horizon and seeing a church, looking about them and seeing the wheat separated from the tares, they can imagine no benefit from further delay. Yet if one believes that the "utmost parts of the earth" shall be His inheritance; if one believes that the earth shall ever be christianized, he must conclude after examining statistics that this earth is only in its infancy. It is computed that there are four hundred millions of Christians in the world; that is, people who live in countries where Christianity is the dominant religion, or have been converted by missionaries in foreign lands. On the other hand, there are ten hundred millions who have never yet heard the story of the Cross, or having heard it still adhere to their former creeds. These figures, simplified, mean that five-sevenths of the earth's population are still anti-Christian, without counting the sceptical and unconverted of Europe and America. It is estimated that two hundred and fifty million people still habitually go naked and do not even build huts or tents to dwell in, but shelter beneath trees, thickets or rocks, and wander about. Seven hundred millions are said to wear little more than cloths about their loins and to dwell in huts and caves. Place these vast numbers of naked and semi-nude heathens alongside the comparatively small number of civilized Christians, and cease to boast about the broad light of the nineteenth century, drop the notion that the Great Scheme is almost complete. Mankind is young yet. Christianity is so far only a local truth. The earth is scarce from its cradle. Science declares that this sphere has in it the vitality to maintain its present existence for endless ages to come; that vitality was created for a use, those ages will be

required in order to reclaim and exalt the race. Creeds that have existed since the dawn of life cannot be brushed aside in a day. There are five hundred millions of people who do not eat meat of any kind, and one hundred millions who eat meat but once a year. Religions that exert such restraints and whose devotees submit with holy zeal, cannot be talked out of existence by a few of our missionaries. It will require hosts, following hosts, persevering for ages. We are too apt to think that Europe and America constitute the earth, forgetting that the entire white population of the world only comprise one-fifth of its total inhabitants. Civilization and Christianity have so far done little better than hold their own; all the great work of conquest lies undone at their doors.

When one contemplates such figures—which are probably no more faulty than such estimates usually are—he must realize how narrow and ignorant and frenzied is the religion of those who expect and implore the end of the world at this time. If that utter catastrophe were to occur now it would mean that the Redemption was defeated, that civilization had failed, for the earth is as yet for the most part barbarian and, by a great majority, heathen.

more unfeeling master than any employer he ever worked for.

About a year ago a daily paper drew from the failure of a business man a moral that should be taken home by all young men. It stated that twenty years ago a young man held a position of trust in a big wholesale house at a salary of two thousand dollars a year. His salary had steadily increased to that figure during several years of employment with the same house, and there was every promise that it would still increase. He was unmarried, had finely furnished rooms, a fat bank account, and was happy and popular in his wide circle of acquaintance. But he decided to set up in business for himself, and did so. Soon the jolly fellow became a care-worn man, glued to his business night and day. After a few years he failed, but his friends rallied round and set him going once more. A few more years found his business again in liquidation, but again he was able to start anew, and by tremendous exertions he engineered a large trade for a few years, but for a third time he had to sink under his load and make an assignment. "And now," the paper said, "prematurely old at fifty, bowed, dispirited and unhealthy, he has turned over his last cent to his credi-

tor who make cartoons in this country, and the number of his admirers would never have diminished had he not abandoned the vantage-ground of a critic and caricaturist to take the most violent side in every social and political question that engrosses the country. Those who were not enthusiasts on temperance, single tax, Henry Georgeism-in-general, free trade and annexation all at once, took their doses of old Grip during Mr. Bengough's last year of management with feelings almost of nausea. If Mr. Bengough can shake himself loose from his trammels and ply a free crayon, he has the skill to win for the new Grip a place never occupied by the old Grip even in its palmiest days. The success of the paper should be a matter of national pride, but if it is run in the interests of a wild-eyed coterie it will share all the vicissitudes encountered by those faddists and their fads. Here's hoping that Grip, purified in the grave, will now shake away from its ragged foundlings and become respectable and great.

Mayor Kennedy's inaugural address when examined in cold print, away from the applauding multitudes who heard the kindly old gentleman read it at the City Hall on Monday morning, does not amount to very much. Like

sinks. Altogether Mayor Kennedy's address does not yield much when analyzed. Boiled down, it means he will do what he can and see what he can do. In the meantime, if there is any city employee who will "consent," or would like his salary reduced, he may send in his request in writing and the Mayor will see if anything can be done in the matter. Any department that considers itself superfluous and would like to be abolished, or any official whose heart has undergone a change during the recent economy camp-meeting and would like to be dismissed, may also send in their requests in writing.

Although the School Boards handle a pile of money each year, a great many people do not know who the candidates for trustees are until they examine their ballot papers. Then they vote at random for the men with the prettiest names. The election of aldermen overshadows the trustee election so much that it is doubtful wisdom to hold them both on one day. The sensible ratepayer will watch the School Boards more closely than in the past.

The proposal to farm out the City Solicitorship to a big firm of lawyers should be scrutinized with the extreme caution by the more reliable among the aldermen. The proposal is peculiar in that it is, in spirit, a reversal of every tendency of the time. Railway and other large private corporations are finding it good business to retain the exclusive services of competent lawyers, men with ability above the average, who concentrate all their faculties upon the affairs and interests of their employers. It is to be feared that a big firm would shoulder the city business upon juniors, the heads of the firm only taking hold when a difficulty had been allowed to gather force and become dangerous. As for the particular firm of lawyers tendering for the city work, it is conceivable that a case might arise in which the same firm would represent both the city and its antagonist. Unless members of that firm, on securing the city business, sever certain of their financial connections, surrender certain of their private and corporate clients and absolve ties of blood, such an embarrassing state of affairs is not only possible but very probable. Perhaps no more honorable legal house exists in the city than that of Beatty, Blackstock, Nesbitt & Chadwick, but when one lawyer represents both clients in a case, one of the clients is apt to feel hurt when the argument is all in and the verdict given. The proper course seems to be to secure a big, strong man—bigger and stronger than any we have yet had—for City Solicitor, and pay him a bigger salary than has yet attached to the office. If the city's legal interests were looked after as zealously as a big lawyer looks after the interests of an important client, the city would save several times as much each year as the recent cut in civic salaries amounts to, even supposing that that proposal goes into force in its entirety, which is doubtful.

Mayor Fleming made a rather singular admission when, in condemning the proposed all-round reduction of civic salaries, he said that there were many unnecessary and incompetent men in the various departments who should be weeded out. He went in as a "weeder-out" himself, and this is what he has to say after two years' service.

Toronto cannot afford to employ a City Solicitor or a City Engineer for less than \$5,000 per annum. The men who cannot command that are unfit for the great responsibilities they attempt to shoulder. The Garrison Creek sewer, the Prittle award and many such cases serve to show this. It will soon be difficult to get anyone to accept either of these posts in the city's service, unless some scawag, who, knowing that he will be fired out, good or bad, will sail in to plunder all he can during his year or two of privilege.

Every time a new Council is inaugurated, all the old-timers gather at the City Hall and indulge in reminiscences. I heard a little bit of history that has never, probably, been put in print before. Some years ago when the wards were small, a certain energetic young man was nominated in one of them as alderman. He called together some of his henchmen and mapped out the campaign. He told them that there were four hundred votes in the ward, of which he would certainly get one hundred honestly, and that he and his friends were no good if they could not plug the ballot boxes with three hundred more, thus electing him. All arrangements were made, but on polling day it rained heavily, the snow disappeared rapidly and the cutters conveying the personators had to pull through the mud. At night the candidate's friends met at his house to await returns, and when these were all in it was shown that he was defeated by only four votes. "Boys," he cried, thumping the table with his fist, "if the sleighing had only held out I'd have headed the poll." Years have passed since then, but he is said even yet to consider himself, when the sleighing is good, one of the most popular men in his section of the city.

MACK.

Sarah—She's worth a million, and just the right age for you.

Jerry—Any girl worth a million is the right age for me.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Editor (of the Daily Shouter)—I don't like the beginning of your editorial on the new year.

Assistant—What is the matter with it? Editor—You say, "We have entered upon the year 1894." Why not add, "as exclusively predicted by the Daily Shouter."—*Puck.*



Among the miles and miles of stores that exist in this city—and how they continue to exist is a marvel—I noticed the other day a new one being fitted up with counters and shelves. A young man with a pencil over his ear and a brusque consequence in his manner was directing affairs, so that it was easy to locate him as the new store-keeper. He had the appearance of a smart, pushing fellow, but as one looked as far east and as far west as the eye could travel and saw stores in endless chain on both sides of the street, it set one wondering what on earth could induce a smart-looking fellow to tie up his capital and hitch his name and prospects to such an enterprise. How so many small stores exist in every city is a conundrum to observant people. But a tenant usually bobs up for any vacant premises. As one fails, another offers himself for sacrifice. There is something alluring about keeping store. There is no one so modest as to feel incapable of undertaking it, and every man in Canada would be at it, no doubt, only some of us have not the capital to make a beginning, or else happen to be tied up in other pursuits. The young man referred to above may succeed, but the chances against him are very, very many to one. Probably he has been working on salary for years, saving what money he could and turning over a dollar's gain whenever opportunity offered, and at last has gathered enough to begin with. He tells himself that he will now reap the fruits of his own energy and be his own master. But he will find that where he expended a pound of energy in the past he will now have to call up a ton, and that his little business will be a

tors and faces the world penniless." How different the story of that man's life might have been had he not plunged into the torrent for himself. A man may be a good assistant in a big business, yet a poor manager of a small one. Many a fine sergeant would make a fool general. There are hundreds of cases similar to that one. We all know a few, not perhaps so marked, yet marked enough. Young man, stay solid! If you hold a position that has enabled you to bank a few hundred or a thousand dollars, stay with it and bank some more. To say that this is an era of concentration is none the less true for being hackneyed. Small concerns are doomed to be either merged or destroyed. Build yourself into some big institution and grow with the great concern. Become an auger and bore a straight, determined hole. You can wreck yourself as certainly by constantly changing your place of occupation as by venturing unwisely into business on your own hook. To accept a temporary snap and relinquish a solid thing is foolish. Some men chase butterflies all their days. I know a first class dry-goods clerk, with over twenty years' experience, who is working in one of the biggest stores in town for six dollars a week. He has had big salaries in his time, but never engrafted himself anywhere—moved about for any cause or no cause.

Everyone must be pleased to see Grip once more and to find it issuing under the editorship of its founder, Mr. J. W. Bengough. Canada has only this one cartoon paper, and it would be unfortunate were we to lose it. In powers of satire Mr. Bengough excels at those

his campaign speeches, it does not contain one specific promise. He refers to the various departments of the civic service, talking of economy in regard to each in turn, in a manner all the time amiable and courteous if not apologetic. There must be a period of rigid economy all along the line, he declares. We have all heard those words before, if we could only recall the time and place. An old inhabitant tells me—and it may be true—that the utterance of those words is a part of the inaugural ceremony, ordained by law, and that no incoming Mayor has ventured to omit them during the past twenty-five years. "Not a dollar must be added to the debenture debt of the city, except" for permanent necessities. "There must be no addition to the local improvement debt, unless" in cases of absolute necessity. The High and Public Schools, the Fire and Police departments in 1893 caused a tax of six mills on the total assessment, he says; therefore these departments should practice the most "rigid economy." However, he proves by figures that the school expenditure in Toronto is less per pupil than in any city in the United States. He advocates that steps be taken at once, "by the construction of a tunnel as recommended by the City Engineer, or by some other means, to provide the citizens with an abundant supply of pure water." We have all heard mention made of an "abundant supply of pure water" on former occasions, but we are still drawing a thick gray fluid from the taps, and, in contravention of the Fish and Game Laws, spearing perch and black bass in our kitchen

Social and Personal.

The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have a magnetic charm which attracts numbers of visitors into the hospitable precincts of Government House on the afternoon set apart for the weekly receptions. On Wednesday the bright throng gathered early and left late, everyone looked well and plenty of animated talk went on about route, balls, suppers and dinners which are to follow pell-mell on each other's heels in the short space of time between now and the season of sackcloth and ashes. The merry world is wide awake between one and another of these gay events, and one and all will need a season of comparative rest after the rush of big and little affairs crowding upon them.

Mrs. Blackstock's pink ball leads the van and will take place on Monday. The Confederation Life building holds the ball-room chosen by this observant hostess, and, as I pointed out a few weeks ago, the floor is all that could be desired, while elevators run briskly and any number of dressing-rooms are available. The entrance is on Richmond street, and the beautiful building, which is *terra incognita* to most of our ball-goers, is one of the most accessible and convenient in the city. The dressing-rooms will be arranged on the fifth flat, and the guests will ascend to the ball room overhead. The supper, I am told, is to be the work of the Cedarhurst chef, which guarantees perfection. Among the strangers whose presence will give the last touch of *clat* to this function will be the Earl of Ava and party, Mrs. Candee of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Simonds from Charleston, Miss Bell of London, Eng., daughter of Clara Bell, the distinguished litterateur, Miss Irwin of Chicago, and Messrs. Frank Dallam of New York, F. W. Lamport of Chicago, and E. A. Kent of Buffalo. Some lovely gowns are a foregone conclusion, and a delightful dance is as good as enjoyed.

Cedarhurst being unequal to the housing of such a large party, I am told that a certain young host, now *en garçon* on Beverley street, is to put up a trio of gentlemen.

The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick entertained a number of friends at dinner this week.

Among the Wednesday visitors at Government House were: Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. Eber Ward, Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Winstanley, Mr. and Mrs. Frechette, Mrs. Henry Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Dr. Trowe, Mr. and Mrs. F. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. and Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Ridout, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Porteous, Misses Arthurs, Milligan, Riordan, Hall, Banting, MacKay, Boulton, Mortimer Clark, Dixon, Florence Dixon, and Messrs. Martland, Camby, S. Small, Thomas and Jones.

One of the old-time and best known homes in Toronto, Moss Park, the residence of Hon. G. W. Allan, was *en fete* last Monday evening in honor of the entrance into society of the youngest daughter of the house, Miss Audrey Allan, who made her *debut* on that occasion. The guests comprised a representative assembly of all that is best in Toronto society, and a very auspicious and elegant function greeted Miss Allan's coming-out. Those other *debutantes* who had already won their laurels were of the number, and the winter of '93 and '94 proudly boasts the honor of introducing these most charming young ladies, each unique in personality and each with a distinctive beauty and individuality not often noticeable, and only attainable through a happy heredity.

Miss Katie Wilcocks of Thornhill is the guest of Miss Fannie Shanklin of College avenue.

Miss Phyllis McLean has returned from a delightful sojourn in Montreal, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Allison Sims.

Miss Deacon of Kingston, and Miss McGill, daughter of Lieut.-Col. McGill, of the Royal Military College, Kingston, are the guests of Mrs. George H. Roberts of 28 Wilcox street.

The rainbow wedding which is to take place this afternoon in St. John's church is creating quite a little sensation, as the bride on this occasion, Miss Ida Powell, is one of the most popular young ladies in the city.

Mrs. Arthur Rutter of Carlton street gave a *soiree musicale* on Friday afternoon of last week.

Miss Ada Lowndes of Madison avenue will spend the next few weeks visiting in Peterborough and Kingston.

Afternoon card parties are an importation from the States which bids fair to enjoy some popularity. Mrs. Robert Gooderham's afternoon progressive euchre last week was one of the jolliest affairs seen for some time, and was of considerable size.

The Driving Club met last Saturday at Rathnelly and the *rendezvous* to day is arranged for Glenedyth.

Mrs. C. C. Dalton's lovely home on Isabella street was the scene of one of the prettiest teas of the season on Saturday last. A large number of young people were present in brave array. The Misses Dalton assisted Mrs. Dalton in receiving the guests. The Misses Leslie, Kingston, and others presided at the tea-table, which was prettily decorated with American beauty roses and smilax. Among the young people were: Miss Stevenson, Miss Boulton, Miss Alice Boulton, Miss D. B. Barres, Miss O'Brien, the Misses Langtry, the Misses Ferguson of Eastlawn, Miss Helen Macdonald, Miss Bea Macdonald, Miss Hamilton, Miss Jones, Miss Pearson, and a corresponding number of young men.

Miss Emberson of Belleville is visiting Mrs. Bartlett of Cecil street.

Miss DesBarres gave a tea on Tuesday for Mrs. A. H. Whitney, who is visiting in this city. The picturesque rectory was bright with young ladies, some of whom proved themselves cavaliers *sans peur et sans reproche* regarding attention, and some of the guests were: Miss Connie Jarvis, Miss Edith Jarvis, Miss Stevenson, Misses O'Brien, Miss Kingstown, Misses

Himsworth, Miss Lou Hadley of Peterboro', Misses Buchan and many others.

Miss Amy Mason returned from Winnipeg on Tuesday morning.

Mrs. David Walker gave a tea yesterday. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Walker are preparing for their usual winter flight to warmer climes, and that Miss May Walker will accompany them.

Mr. George Minty has accepted a position in Winnipeg and left for the Prairie City last week, where he will doubtless be as heartily welcome as his departure is regretted in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Vandermissen and family have taken up house at 402 Sherbourne street.

Mr. Bruenech is in Toronto for a short time and intends going to Washington shortly.

Friday was a gala night at the Opera House. A fine house, boxes radiant with lovely women, the students in *Paradis* and Wilson Barrett on the boards as *Othello* made up the *menu*, which was varied enough to please the most exacting epicure. Government House box was occupied by the gubernatorial party, including a guest or two. Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock's theater party comprised Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins and Mr. Greer, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne included Miss Riordan and Mr. Caron, and in the stalls were many of the leaders of society both from the east and west sides. After the play, several distinguished people slipped behind the scenes and were most kind in their expression of appreciation of Mr. Barrett and his very clever support.

After the afterpiece aforesaid, most of the gentlemen of the *caste* were entertained at the residence of Mr. J. Fraser Macdonald, on Avenue road, at a *recherche* supper, and in their turn delighted their host and a few friends of the sterner sex with some excellent songs and recitations. Franklin McLeay was of course the guest *par excellence*, and it speaks well for both Mr. McLeay and the Toronto hosts that his visit should be thus marked by special hospitality. In this case the honor comes to the prophet in his own country.

In the stalls on Tuesday a large number of smartly gowned people were present, among whom was conspicuous a very handsome newcomer in a very *chic* Paris opera mantle of dull rose velvet or plush, from which trying shade her lovely face suffered no diminution of its tint, being in that and other respects above criticism.

Unique pets are sometimes affected by pretty women, and several strange objects now engross my lady's caresses and attention. Among the queerest are those misanthropical little chameleons, spools of the World's Fair, which with their fairy-like gold ring and chain are to be found in several stylish boudoirs.

Talking of pets. A lovely girl, Juno like and quite divinely tall, has chosen the nicest and daintiest of long-haired terriers who, clothed in embroidered blanket, accompanies her on her round of visits, and is carried with a tender care calculated to exasperate to madness the sweet *debutante's* numerous admirers.

The German Club met at Mrs. Grantham's this week from 4 to 6 o'clock. This very delightful *coterie* hold veritable *kaffe klatsche*, which are, being interpreted, gossip and coffees, in the true style of the Fatherland.

Mrs. McLean Howard gave a small tea for her old friends Mrs. and Miss Whitney of Calgary last week, at which were present: Mrs. J. W. G. Whitney, Mrs. Lumsden, Mrs. Street Macklem, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Beecher, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Rean Jarvis, Mrs. James Henderson, Miss Macklem, Mrs. Hirschfelder, Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Mandeville Merritt, Mrs. DuVerne and Mrs. W. Macdonald. The tea was quite informal, as Mrs. McLean Howard is not entertaining this winter, the family having been for some time in mourning.

Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly's friends will be glad to hear of their convalescence. The genial doctor has been seriously ill, and Mrs. O'Reilly has, I am told, been another victim of la grippe.

Mrs. Street Macklem left last Friday on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Raymond of Welland.

Mrs. W. S. Lee's euchre party was postponed out of respect to the memory of the late Mrs. Platt, an intimate and esteemed friend.

Miss Molr of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. Newman of Wilcox street.

Miss Palmer of Chicago, sister of Mrs. George Dunstan, is visiting Mrs. Kenneth Dunstan of Jarvis street.

One of the most enjoyable dances of the season was given on Friday evening of last week by Mrs. H. W. Evans of St. Mary's street. The duties of hostess were very gracefully performed by Miss Edyth Evans, who looked very pretty in a charming gown of white silk trimmed with silver. Miss Evans was assisted by Miss Bastedo, looking pretty in white bengaline and satin. Among those present I noticed particularly: Miss Lee, in white silk; Miss Edith Stanway, green and white; Miss Leuda Gale, yellow and white; Miss Christie looked charming in green; Miss Bessie Thompson, a pretty blue gown; Miss McArthur, Miss Smart, Miss Bonnell, Miss Morrison, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Fleming, Miss Reid, Miss Howard, Miss Wey, and Messrs. Windeyer, Gale, Lillie, Roaf, Dunbar, Wade, Helliwell, Shore, Anderson, Creelman, O'Flynn, Robinson, Hutcherson, W. Lee, C. Lee, F. Thompson, Kirkpatrick, R. Wood, and many others.

Miss Robertson of 221 Carlton street gave a pleasant dance on Friday evening of last week to a large number of her young friends. The young hostess was ably assisted by Misses Jean Woltz Louise Walker and Emilie O'Donnell. Miss Robertson was a dainty figure in cream net with rainbow trimmings; Miss J. Woltz, in a terra cotta *crepe de chene* frock, looked charmingly pretty; Miss O'Donnell

wore a simple cream *crepe* gown with soft lace trimmings, and looked her best; Miss Walker, as usual, looked lovely in a combination of velvet, silk and lace. Among the guests were: Mrs. Dr. Sangster of Stouffville, the Misses Dubois, Dr. Barber, Miss F. Adams, Miss F. Sheppard, Mr. Fleming, Miss McMahon, Miss Lillie McMahon, Mr. Ritchie, Miss and Miss J. Woltz, Mr. Dubois (Chicago), Mr. Hamilton, Miss Ray, Mr. Hetherington, Miss Brownjohn, Miss A. Brownjohn, Mr. Laidlaw, Miss Smallpiece, Mr. Southcott, Miss Brown, Mr. Conley, Miss O'Neill, Mr. Robertson, Miss Robertson, Miss Bessie Robertson, Mr. Fielding, Miss Hunter, Mr. A. Stuttaford, Miss Hurd, Mr. Lyon, Miss O'Donnell, Miss Florry O'Donnell, the Misses Lowther, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. A. J. Lyon, Miss Maud Cline, Mr. O'Donnell, Miss J. Strutt, Mr. Vincent Smouz, Mr. Graham, Mr. Williamson, Miss Walker, Mr. Sydney Walker, Mr. Wark, Mr. Robinson and Dr. Weir.

One of the series of German "coffees" was held at the residence of Mrs. T. G. Elgie, 640 Church street, on Thursday of last week. It proved a very enjoyable affair, and quite a number outside of those interested in the German Club hope soon for a repetition of Mrs. Elgie's gracious hospitality. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Grantham, Miss Fannie Shanklin, Miss Hill, Mrs. Lillie, Miss Smith, Dr. Palmer, Mr. Mills, Dr. Lehman, and Fraulein Holterman.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Howland of Rochester, N.Y., have returned home after a visit with their father on St. George street.

An introductory lecture to a course of Artistic Anatomy will be given on Saturday next at 3 p.m. in the Biological department, Toronto University, by Frederick Winnett, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng. All who are interested in art are invited to be present.

The French Club meets to-night at Mrs. C. H. Gooderham's, Sherbourne street.

Col. Turnbull has returned from his visit East.

A very elegant dinner and euchre party were given by a leading host and hostess in the Queen's Park this week. The prizes were extremely *chic*.

I have heard of a very jolly and very naughty poker club on the west side, where *mesdames* play so scientifically that *messieurs* frequently confess to being penniless. Thus does the woman of to-day usurp one by one the sacred privileges of her undefended lesser half.

A very sad and regrettable event is the serious illness of Mr. Charles Fuller of Rosedale, which at the time I write is causing the greatest concern to his family and his and their numerous circle of friends.

Mr. Martland has returned from a rather long visit to Hamilton, where he has been the guest of the Messrs. Hope. Everyone is glad to welcome him home.

And still they come! Among the new doctors who are settling in Toronto is Dr. G. P. Sylvester, late of Galt. The occasion of his leaving the Manchester of Canada, after a successful practice there of over seventeen years, was seized upon by his professional brethren and friends as an excuse to give him a farewell complimentary banquet, at which nearly sixty sat down, a sufficient tribute of the esteem in which he is held.

The Misses Summers have returned from a short visit to Port Colborne.

Mrs. Charles Gooderham's dance took place on Friday last and was in every way enjoyable and successful.

Miss Emily Nicol of Cookstown is visiting Mrs. A. E. Thompson of Lakeview avenue.

Mrs. Dunstan of Church street gave a progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening, at which a large number of friends were present. Ten tables were set, and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

Invitations are out for a dinner on Thursday at Cedarhurst.

The Upper Canada College At Home is to be on Friday evening, January 26. The patronesses are: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mrs. F. C. Denison, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Mrs. T. H. Bull, Mrs. W. S. Jackson, Mrs. J. A. Temple, and Mrs. Charles Ryerson.

Mrs. Frank Wade, who has been staying with Mrs. Henry Wade of Henry street for the past two weeks, has gone back to Chicago.

The Allan liner, Mongolian, arrived in Liverpool on Monday evening, January 1, 1894, after a comparatively smooth voyage for the time of year. Two very successful concerts in honor of Christmas and the New Year were organized by Mr. Cecil B. Wright of Toronto, ably assisted by the passengers, and at the conclusion of the second one a hearty vote of thanks, with musical honors, was tendered to Mr. Wright for his laudable and successful efforts to beguile the monotony of the voyage.

Next week will be a busy one for the members of the *beau monde*. The two distinguished guests of Maplehyrn, the Earl of Ava and Captain Urquhart, who are to be entertained by Major Cosby, will arrive in Toronto on Sunday morning. On Monday the visitors will dine at Maplehyrn and meet a party of Toronto's best people, after which the party will attend Mrs. Blackstock's dance. On Tuesday evening the hospitable doors of Ravenswood will be opened and a lovely dinner party will be given for the visiting gentlemen. On Wednesday probably a quiet dinner at Maplehyrn will precede the great event which is the *raison d'être* of their visit. I am glad to hear that the gallant officers of the various regiments will appear at the Cricketers' ball in full uniform, and that their decorative effects will be beautifully complete.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Robinson, late of Toronto, are away down south in Alabama.

They have established themselves in a fine place, which they have named Chimo Bluff, at Mariow, Fish River, Alabama, and Tom says if anybody wants a trip down south he will see that they want for nothing in the shape of sport and entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones give a large dinner on the 31st inst., one of the few off evenings at the end of the ante-Lenten season.

Miss Lillie Gooderham of Waveney will give a progressive euchre party next Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald's dinner party on Wednesday evening included Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Miss Hewitt, Mr. Andrew Darling, and other smart guests to the number of twenty.

A very bright and enjoyable dance was given by the club known as the Fifty, from the number of its members, at Webb's on Friday evening of last week. Guests to the number of nearly two hundred filled the dancing rooms, and feet flew in merry measure to the capital music of one of the best Toronto orchestras. Rarely have so many really pretty faces brightened Webb's parlors, and I remarked that the gowns were also of unusual smartness. Natural flowers were worn in great profusion, and before the dance was half over many a pretty maid literally walked on roses. The committee were of the right sort, watchful and energetic, and to them much of the praise for a successful evening be accorded. A number of brides were of the party, wearing their *robes de noce* and receiving much attention. Among the many pretty girls present I remarked: Miss Milo, a very rosebud of a belle; Miss Wright, in a pretty pink striped gauze with tiny brocade posies; Miss Hattie Rose, with lilies of the valley drooping in her fair hair and a dainty frock of white; Miss Pells, in pink with black velvet trimmings; Miss Williams, in sunrise pink with *berthe* of natural carnations; Miss Sullivan, leader of the choir of Our Lady of Lourdes, in white Indian silk and gold passementerie. Among the young matrons who looked particularly well were: Mrs. Shouldice, in white silk with a very smart *coiffure*; Mrs. Tipping, in *eau de Nile* and moss green; Mrs. McGann, a bride of a few months, in her wedding gown of white silk and chiffon. Scores of others there were remarkable both for pretty gowns and graceful dancing, and among whom the Fifty party is always looked forward to with anticipations of the liveliest pleasure. Webb served a very excellent supper.

Mrs. William Ince received for the first time in her new home on the corner of Prince Arthur avenue and Huron street, last Friday, and was assisted by Mrs. Harry Patterson and Mrs. Archie Langmuir, whom I am glad to see out again. The reception-room was odorously with many roses thoughtfully offered by a gallant visitor in Toronto, and the many objects of art picked up in foreign lands gave an air of interest to the pretty apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. Sutton have removed from 37 Huron street and are now at Mrs. Thompson's, corner of John and Wellington streets. Any number of smart people have welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Sutton to Toronto.

Among the guests at the hospitable Sunday supper table of Toronto's most charming hostess was Mr. Alan Sullivan, son of the Bishop of Alameda. Mr. Sullivan has recently brought out a pretty souvenir booklet of delightful verse and is the very newest literary lion in the city.

Toronto has been richly favored this season in being the temporary home of many pleasant visitors. There was an immensely interesting *tableau vivant* provided one evening lately, when an antipodean bird of passage earnestly instructed the highest dignitary of the Anglican church in the mysteries of a new kind of patience.

The Girls' Home annual meeting takes place at the Home next Friday afternoon at four o'clock, when the Lieutenant-Governor has kindly consented to preside, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, lady patroness of the Home, will also be present.

Mrs. Percy Beatty gives a card party on Monday evening. I believe progressive euchre is the game chosen.

The Misses Thompson returned from Montreal on Saturday night, having much enjoyed some of the world-famous hospitalities of the Royal City.

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For the Holiday Season we are making a special price on our famous Felice Glove—usual price \$1.50, selling at \$1.

8-button length Biarritz Glove, in every color, reduced to 90c.
4-button Bonjour Glove, with colored stitchings and welts to match.
Evening Gloves in all lengths, to match any costume.
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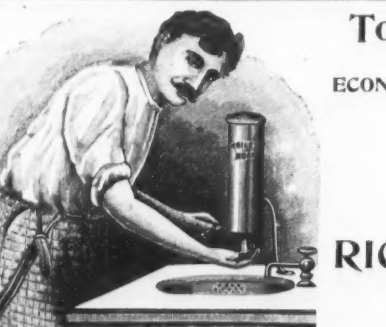
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HARRY WEBB'S
Yonge and Melinda Streets
TORONTO

The editor of this week's Supreme Court Order of Foreclosure to a man of past five years ward with a He has provided personal the order of moved to Toronto all over Ireland and financier all tion to him reluctant

benefit society rare, and child picks up an Whether in can defend it is not Fore energetic gen head of the o Dr. Oronby sique and le turn about t the street, fo where. He l the chiefs of born on the r In childhood derived from a sh apprenticed, lege at Wil means, he w schooling, al and taught r turning point the Prince of was in his ty the chiefs of dress to the Prince of W geence of the continue his of the princ the tuition the prince's medicine at C Canada he p and afterwa a big practi appealed to b acumen that to make the he ing condition To show wh it is a financi kind—and to man the resu few facts. T since its ine with wonder through orga 17,886 applica ance have b been accepte 1, 1893, was 5 657.89.

Dr. Oronby big salary, b worth his sal

A delightf House, King 10, under th and Benedic of the follw Scougall, Evi worth. The ated and th the choicest desire. The leading tow times of the scription. I o'clock, exo Brigita mus

A Genius of Finance.

The editor is pleased to be able to present this week a portrait of Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief Ranger of the Independent Order of Foresters. This is a voluntary tribute to a man of commanding talent. During the past five years no man in Canada has come forward with such strides as Dr. Oronhyatekha. He has proved himself possessed of the strongest personality, and since the head offices of the order of which he is the chief were removed to Toronto in 1889 he has pushed Forestry all over this continent and into England, Ireland and Scotland. That he is a thorough financier all orders and companies in opposition to him have been forced to admit with reluctant admiration. The bitter criticisms of

were highly pleased with the gay event and congratulated the Bachelors and Benedicts of Kincardine on the success of their ball. The following is a list of the ladies and gentlemen present: Miss Haun of Orangeville; Miss Howie, Waterloo; Miss McMillan, Buffalo, N.Y.; Miss McEachren, Clifford; Miss Greenhill, Leamington; Mr. A.E. Belfry, Victoria, B.C.; Mr. H. Barker, Toronto; Miss Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Brennen of Hamilton; Miss Robinson and Mr. F. Sharman of Warton; Mr. Chapman of Galt, Mr. Zealand of London, Mr. and Mrs. Lavelle of Durham, Miss McCraney of Oakville, Mr. W. O. Jackson and Mr. D. A. McInnes of Ripley; Miss Polley and Mr. G. Henderson of Goderich; Dr. Ireland and Mr. Laidlaw of Harriston; Mr. L. C. Jackson of Seaford, Miss Clements of

were accepted. Among those present from outside towns and cities were: Mr. E. C. Davies of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Burkholder, Miss Shumacher of Hamilton; Mr. M. Forhan, Miss Forhan, Miss Irene Forhan, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wright, Miss Craig, Mr. W. N. Chisholm, Mr. W. E. Todd, Mr. Thos. Scott, Miss S. Scott, Mr. George Miller, Mr. E. Tucker, Mrs. D. F. Forbes of Owen Sound; Mr. and Mrs. C. Fair, Mr. G. E. Fair, Mr. T. W. Fair, Captain P. M. and Mrs. Campbell, Miss Lockerbie, Miss Martin of Collingwood; M. L. S. Saunders, Miss Saunders, Mr. P. Patton of Barrie; Mr. W. Turner, Mr. W. L. McFarland, Mr. W. J. Douglass, Miss Lucas, Miss S. Lucas, Miss Matthews of Markdale.

Bragg—I know a thing or two.
Scapely—You sly dog.—Life.



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

SOME really low-priced gloves are to be secured at our glove counters this month because of stock taking.

Astrachan Gloves, sizes for children eight to fourteen, 40c.
Children's Wool Mitts, good quality, heavy French kid, 15c.
Children's Fine Wool Gloves, fancy ringwood, 20c.
Boys' Heavy Wool Gloves, 20c.
Extra Heavy Wool Mitts, dark gray, boys' large sizes, 25c.
Children's Fine Kid Mitts, for top, 50c.
Ladies' Chambray Gloves, mouquetaire, all white, and white, with black embroidery, 55c.
Ladies' 4-button suede gloves, in tan and modes, 50c., were \$1.
Ladies' Lined Kid Gloves, 4-lock fastening, 90c.
An extra bargain in a Kid Glove, guaranteed good wear, at 75c.

Of all our Gloves it may be said they're good quality and well-fitting. A word of evening gloves:

Evening Gloves, silk, all shades, 18-in., 65c.
Evening Gloves, silk, all shades, 22-in., 75c.
Evening Gloves, silk, all shades, 26-in., \$1.
Evening Gloves, finest quality, suede, 20-in. to elbow, \$1.65; 25-in., three-quarter length, \$2.

These are in creams, operas and black. Know also of an evening glove, good quality suede, in cream only, elbow length, \$1.25; three-quarter, \$1.65.

Gloves are easily ordered by letter.

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S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen Entrance Yonge Street.
Toronto, Ontario. Entrance Queen Street.
New Annex 170 Yonge Street.
Stores Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

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212 Yonge Street

Have finished marking down every piece of goods in stock for their annual

STOCK-TAKING SALE

This means genuine bargains in Fine Dress Goods, Silk Grenadines, Silk Crepons, Black and Colored Silks, Mantles, Hosiery, Fancy Goods, &c.

See circular being distributed for price list.

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Choice lines of Seasonable Shoes, Rubbers and Overshoes. Pretty evening Shoes in new styles. Lovely shades in new Sateen Slippers at wonderfully low prices.

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It is mechanically constructed upon scientific principles, symmetrical in shape and unique in design. Each section of the corset is so formed as to maintain the vertical lines of the body, and readily conform to the figure of the wearer. It is stayed with strips of highly tempered spring ribbon steel, which is superior to any other boning material owing to its flexibility, smoothness and durability. Each steel (or stay) is nickel-plated, highly polished and guaranteed not to corrode, metal tipped to prevent the ends from cutting through the fabric. The steels (or stays) are increased in separate pockets and can be removed or replaced as pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring genuine comfort to the wearer. Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded. See that the name "Lewis' Magnetic Corset" is stamped on each pair, without which none are genuine. MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE Crompton Corset Co., 78 York St., Toronto, Ont.

To the Ladies

The best place in Toronto for Hair Goods to-day is Dorend's, 110 Yonge St., the ladies all say; The new styles of Coiffures and beautiful Curles Can be seen in his window on six pretty girls.

When you enter his store you will find it complete With the newest of styles that make ladies look sweet There's Coiffures for the opera, wedding or ball—All kinds that will please you, so give him a call.

There are goods of all kinds, too numerous to mention; For a few styles alone can we call your attention—His Bangs and his Switches and goods on the shelves, You'll find when you see them they speak for themselves.

To conclude, let me say that those who deal there Will always look nice and have beautiful hair. This the ladies all know, when a hundred or more Every day are found dealing at Dorend's store.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Successfully removed on any part of the person with

DES CAPILLERINE

Easier to apply, entirely harmless and successful in its effect.

DES CAPILLERINE supercedes electrolysis in many respects. Electrolysis is a most painful operation. Electrolysis is a very expensive treatment. Electrolysis in most every case leaves marks and causes inflammation of the skin, and in the majority of cases the hair will come back again.

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DR. ORONHYATEKHA.

benefit societies, once so numerous, are now rare, and chiefly for the reason that the doctor picks up any man's gauntlet with alacrity. Whether in the press or on the platform, he can defend Forestry against any comer. But it is not Forestry we are talking about, but the energetic gentleman who happens to be at the head of the order.

Dr. Oronhyatekha is a man of massive physique and leonine head. People involuntarily turn about to look at him as he passes along the street, for he will attract attention anywhere. He has in his veins the royal blood of the chiefs of the Six Nations Indians, and was born on the reservation near Brantford in 1841. In childhood he perceived the advantages to be derived from an education and quit the trade of a shoemaker, to which he had been apprenticed, and attended the Wesleyan College at Wilbraham, Mass. Possessing no means, he worked all hours in order to get schooling, and finally qualified as a teacher and taught near his old home in Brant. The turning point of his career soon came. When the Prince of Wales visited Canada in 1861 he was in his twentieth year, and was chosen by the chiefs of the Six Nations to present an address to the son of their "great mother." The Prince of Wales was struck with the intelligence of the young Indian, and invited him to continue his studies at Oxford under the care of the prince's physician. There he enjoyed the tuition and friendship of Sir Henry Acland, the prince's physician and regius professor of medicine at Oxford University. Returning to Canada he practiced medicine at Frankfort and afterwards at London, where he built up a big practice. While here, Forestry first appealed to him, and he showed such financial acumen that he was at length prevailed upon to make the order his sole care. When he seized the helm, affairs were not in the flourishing condition that they have since attained to. To show what the order now is, to prove that it is a financial creation of the most extensive kind—and to the energy and talent of this one man the result is mainly due—we may quote a few facts. The order has paid out in benefits since its inception \$2,060,575. It has floated with wonderful success in Great Britain, for though organized there only about a year, 17,886 applications for membership and insurance have been received, of whom 15,975 have been accepted. The membership on December 1, 1893, was 53,317, and the cash surplus \$858,857.89.

Dr. Oronhyatekha is a busy man. He gets a big salary, but no man in Canada is better worth his salary than he.

Social and Personal.

A delightful dance was held in the Opera House, Kincardine, on Wednesday night, Jan. 10, under the management of the Bachelors and Benedicts of Kincardine and the patronage of the following ladies: Mesdames Rapley, Scougall, Evans, Smith, Walker, Kilmer, Keyworth. The ball-room was elaborately decorated and the supper-room was stocked with the choicest edibles that epicurean taste could desire. There were guests present from the leading towns in Western Ontario. The costumes of the ladies were brilliant beyond description. Dancing went gaily on until four o'clock, excellent music being furnished by the Briglia musicians of London. All the guests

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"Old-Fashioned Roses"
"Poems Here at Home" (Just out)
"Rhymes of Childhood"
"Green Fields and Running Brooks"

"But once a year Jim Riley writes a book of verse for sell, An' the folks 'at buys it reads it, and 'ey likes it mighty well; His poems are plain 'nd common, like the folks 'emselves, I guess. With a dreamin' musle in 'em 'nd a sort o' tenderness 'At creeps into the heart 'nd makes it somehow beat in time. With the fancy of the poet 'nd the ripple of his rhyme; So you who like the poetry you c'd read 'nd think about Will be glad to hear 'at Riley's got."

(From "Life")

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NEAR COR. KING.

The People of the Mist

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER V. OTTER GIVES COUNSEL.

When the funeral was over and Thomas Outram slept his last sleep beneath six feet of earth and stones, his brother took out the prayer-book that Jane Beach had given him, which in truth formed all his library, and read the burial service over the grave, finishing it by the glare of the lightning flashes. Then he and Otter went back to the cave and ate, speaking no words. After they had finished Leonard called to the dwarf, who took his food at a little distance.

"Otter," he said, setting the lantern between them, "you are a faithful man and clever in your way. I would tell you a story and ask you something. At the least, he added to himself in English, "in such a matter your judgment is as good as mine."

"Speak on, Baas," said the dwarf, "my ears are open," and he squatted down on the further side of the lantern like some great toad, watching his master's face with his black eyes. "Otter, the Baas who is dead and I came to this country some years ago. Before we came here we had been rich men, chiefs in our own place, but we lost our kraals and cattle and lands; they were sold, others took them and we became poor. Yes, we were fat and grew lean as trek oxen at the end of winter. Then we said to each other, 'Here we have no longer any home; the shame of poverty has come upon us; we are empty men of no account; also we are chiefs by blood, and here we cannot let ourselves out to labor like the common people, lest both the common people and the nobles should make a mock of us. Our great stone kraal that has been ours for many generations is taken from us; others dwell in it; strange women order it and their children shall move about the land. We will go away.'"

"The blood is the blood," broke in Otter; "the wealth is nothing; that comes and goes, but the blood is always the blood. Why did you not gather an impi, my father, and put these strangers to the spear and take your kraal again?"

"In our land this may not be, Otter, for there wealth is more than blood. So we should have been brought to still greater shame. Riches alone could give us back our home, and we had none left. So we swore an oath to each other, the dead Baas and I, that we would journey to this far land and seek to win it, that we might buy back our lands and kraal and rule over them as in past years, and our children after us."

"A good oath," said Otter, "but here we should have sworn it otherwise and there would have been a ring of yellow iron."

"We came, Otter, and for seven years we have labored harder than the lowest of our servants; we have traveled to and fro, mixing with many peoples, learning many tongues, and what have we found? The Baas yonder a grave in the wilderness, the food that the wilderness gives, no more."

"A poor wage so far," said Otter, "Ah! the ways of my people are more simple and better. A red spear is brighter than the red gold, and—yes, it is more honest."

"The wealth is unwon, Otter, and I have sworn to win the wealth or die. But last night I swore it again to him who lies dead."

"It is well, Baas; an oath is an oath and true men must keep it. But riches cannot be gathered here, for the gold, most of it, is hid in those rocks that are far too heavy to carry, and who may charm gold out of rocks—not all the wizards in Zululand. At the least you and I cannot do it alone, even should the fever spare us. We must trek, Baas, and look elsewhere."

"Listen, Otter; the tale is yet to tell. The Baas who is dead dreamed before he died. He dreamed that I should win the gold; that I should win it by the help of a woman, and he bade me wait here a while after he was dead. Say now, Otter, who come of a people learned in dreams and are the child of a dream-doctor, was this a true dream or a sick man's fancy?"

"Nay, Baas, who can tell for sure?" the dwarf answered; "then pondered a while, drawing the dust of the floor with his finger, and spoke again: 'Yet I say that the words of the dead uttered on the edge of death shall come true. He promised that you should win the wealth; you will win it by this way or by that, and once more the great kraal across the water shall be yours again, and the children of strangers shall wander there no more. Let us obey the words of the dead and bide here a while as he commanded.'"

Seven days had passed, and on the night of the seventh Leonard Outram and Otter sat together once more in the little cave on Grave Mountain, for so they had named this fatal spot. They did not speak, though each of them was thinking after his own fashion, and both had cause for thought. They had been hunting all day, but killed nothing except a guinea fowl, most of which they had just eaten; it was the only food left them. Game seemed to have abandoned the district; at least they could find none. Since his brother's death Leonard had given up all attempt to dig for gold—it was useless. Time had hung heavy on his hands, for a man cannot search all day for buck which are not. Gloom had settled on his mind also; he felt his brother's loss more acutely now than on the day he buried him. Moreover, for the first time he suffered from symptoms of the deadly fever which had carried off his three companions. Alas! he knew too well the meaning of this lassitude and nausea, and of the racking pain which from time to time shot through his head and limbs. That was how his brother's last sickness had begun. Would his days end in the same fashion? He did not greatly care, he was reckless as to his fate; for the hard necessities of life had left him little time or inclination to harass himself with spiritual doubts. And yet it was awful to think of. He rehearsed the whole scene in his mind again and yet again, until it became a reality to him. He saw his own last struggle for life and Otter watching it. He saw the dwarf bearing him in his great arms to a lonely grave, there to cover him with earth, and then, with a sigh, to flee the haunted spot forever. Why did he stop here to die of fever? Because his brother had bidden him to do so with his dying breath; because of a superstition, a folly, which would move any civilized man to scorn.

At there was the rub, he was no longer a civilized man; he had lived so long with nature and savages that he had come to be as nature makes a savage. His educated reason told him that this was folly, but his instinct—that faculty which had begun to take the place of educated reason with him—told him another voice. He had gone back in the scale of life, he had grown primitive; his mind was as the mind of a Norseman or an Aztec. It did not seem wonderful to him that his brother should have prophesied upon his dying bed; it was even natural to him that he should believe in the prophecy and act upon it. And yet he knew that in all probability the only issue would be his own death.

Those who have lived much with nature will in some degree be familiar with such sensations, for man and nature are ever at a strange variance, and each would shape the other to its ends. In the issue nature wins. Man boasts continually of his conquests over her, her instincts, her terrors, and her hopes. But let him escape from out his cities and the fellowship of his kind, let him be alone with her for a while, and where is his supremacy? He sinks back into her breast again and is lost there, as in time to be all his labors shall be lost. The grass of the field and the sand of the desert are more powerful than Baby-

lon; they were before her, they are after her. And so it is with everything physical and moral in its degrees; for here a nurse rules whom we human children must obey at last, however much we may defy her.

Thus brooded Leonard as he sat, his hands in his pockets and an empty pipe between his teeth. Their tobacco was done and yet he drew at the pipe, perhaps from habit. And all the while Otter watched him.

"Baas," he said at length, "you are sick, Baas."

"No," he answered; "that is, perhaps a little. Yes, Baas, a little. You have said nothing, but I know, I who watch. The fever has touched you with his finger; and by and by he will grip you with his whole hand, and then, Baas, you are dead."

"And then, Otter, good-night."

"Yes, Baas, for you good-night, and for me, what? Baas, you think too much and you have nothing to do; that is why you grow sick. Better that we should go and dig again."

What for, Otter? Ant-bear holes make good graves."

"Ere! talk, Baas. Better that we should go away and wait no more, than that you should talk such talk, which is the beginning of death."

"Then there was silence for a while."

"The fact is, Otter," said Leonard presently, "we are both fools. It is useless for us to wait here with nothing to eat, nothing to drink, nothing to smoke, and only the fever to look forward to, expecting we know not what. But what does it matter? Fools and wise men all come to one end; but I wish that we had some quinine left. I am going out," and he rose impatiently and left the cave.

Otter followed him. He knew where he would go—to his brother's grave. Presently they were there, standing on the higher edge of a ravine. A cloud had hidden the face of the moon and they could see nothing, so they stood a while idly waiting for it to pass.

As they rested thus, suddenly a moaning sound came to their ears, or rather a sound which, beginning with a moan, ended in a long, low wail.

"What is that?" said Leonard, looking towards the shadows on the further side of the ravine, whence the cry seemed to proceed.

"I do not know," answered Otter, "unless it be a ghost or the voice of one who mourns her dead."

"We are the only mourners here," said Leonard, and as he spoke once more the low and piercing wail thrilled upon the air. Just then the cloud passed, the moonlight shone out brilliantly, and they saw who it was that cried alone in this desolate place. For there, not twenty paces from them, on the other side of the ravine, crouched upon a stone and rocking herself to and fro as though in an agony of despair and grief, sat a tall and withered woman.

With an exclamation of surprise Leonard started towards her, followed by the dwarf. So absorbed was he in her sorrow that he neither saw nor heard them. Even when they stood close to her side she did not perceive them, for her face was hidden in her ebony hands. Leonard looked at her curiously. She was past middle age now, but he saw that once she had been handsome and, for a native, very light in color. Her hair was grizzled and crisp rather than woolly, and her hands and feet were slender and finely shaped. At the moment he could discover no more of the woman's personal appearance, for the face was covered up, as has been said, and her body wrapped in a tattered blanket.

"Mother," he said, speaking in the Siutu dialect, "what ails you that you weep here alone?"

The woman withdrew her hands and sprang up with a cry of fear. As it chanced, her gaze fell first upon the dwarf Otter, who was standing in front of her, and at the sight of him the cry died upon her lips, and her sunken cheeks, clear-cut features and sullen black eyes became as those of one who is petrified with terror. So strange was her aspect indeed that the dwarf and his master neither spoke nor moved; they stood silent and expectant. It was the woman who broke this silence, speaking in a low voice of awe and admiration and, as she spoke, sinking to her knees.

"And hast thou come to claim me at the last?" she said, addressing Otter. "Oh! thou whose name is Darkness, God of my people, and to whom I was given in marriage, from whom I fled when I was young! Do I see thee in the flesh, Lord of the Night, King of blood and terror, and is this thy priest? Or do I but dream? Nay, I dream not; slay on, thou priest, and let my sin be purged."

"Here it seems," said Otter, "that we have to do with one who is mad."

"Nay, God of my people," the woman answered, "I am not mad, though madness has been nigh to me of late."

"Neither am I your god or the god of any," answered the dwarf with irritation. "Cease to speak folly and tell the White Lord whence come you, for I weary of this talk of gods."

"If you are no god, Black One, the thing is strange, for as the gods, so you are, but the change it does not please you, having put on the flesh, to avow yourself a god. At the least, be it as you will. If you are no god, then I am safe from your vengeance, and if you are a god I pray you forget the sins of my youth and spare me, giving me food, White Man," she added in a piteous tone; "give me food, for I starve."

"There is scant fare here," answered Leonard, "but you are welcome to it. Follow me, mother," and he led the way across the dunes to the cave, the woman limping after him painfully.

There Otter gave her meat, and she ate as one eats who has gone hungry for long, greedily and yet with effort. When she had finished she looked at Leonard with her keen dark eyes and said:

"Say, White Lord, are you also a slave-trader?"

"No," he answered grimly, "I am a slave."

"Who is your master, then? This black one whom I deem a god, but who says that he is no god?"

"Nay, he is but the slave of a slave. I have no master, mother; I have a mistress, and she is named Fortune."

"The worst of mistresses," said the old woman, "or the best, for she laughs ever behind her frown and mingles stripes with kisses."

"The stripes I know well, but not the kisses," answered Leonard gloomily; then added in another tone, "What is your errand, mother? How are you named and what do you seek wandering alone in the mountains?"

"I am named Saa, and seek succor for one whom I love and who is in sore distress. Will my lord listen to my tale?"

"Speak on," said Leonard.

Then the woman crouched down before him and told this story.

CHAPTER VI. THE TALE OF SAA.

"My lord, I, Saa, am the servant of a white man, a trader who lives on the banks of the Zambesi, some four days' march from here, having a house there which he built many years ago."

"How is the white man named?" asked Leonard.

"The black people call him Mavoom, but his white name is Radd. He is a good master and no common man, but he has this fault, that times he is drunken. Twenty years ago or more Mavoom, my master, married a white

woman, a Portuguese, whose father dwelt at Delagoa Bay, and who was beautiful as I have said. Then he settled on the banks of the Zambesi and became a trader, building the house where it is now, or rather where its ruins are. Here his wife died in childbirth; yes, she died in my arms, and it was I who reared her daughter Juanna, tending her from the cradle to this day."

"Now, after the death of his wife Mavoom became more drunken. Still, when he is not in liquor he is very clever and a good trader, and many times he has collected ivory and feathers and gold worth much money and has bred cattle by hundreds. Then he would say that he would leave the wilderness and go to another country across the water, I know not where, that country whence Englishmen come. Twice he has started to go, and I with him, and his daughter Juanna, my mistress, who is named the Shepherdess of Heaven by the black people, because they think that she has the gift of foretelling rain. But once Mavoom stopped in a town at Durban in Natal, and getting drunk gambled away all his money in a month, and once he lost it in a river, the great being whomst by river-horse and the ivory and gold sinking out of sight. Still, the last time that he started he left his daughter, the Shepherdess, at Durban, and there she stayed for three years, learning those things that the white women know, for she is very clever as she is beautiful and good."

Now, for two years she has been back at the Settlement, for she came to Delagoa Bay in a ship, and I with her, and Mavoom with us."

"But one month gone my mistress, the Shepherdess, spoke to her father, Mavoom, telling him that she wearied of their lonely life in the wilderness and would sail across the waters to the land which is called Home. He listened to her, for Mavoom loves his daughter, and said that it should be so. But he said this also: That first he would go on a trading journey up the river to buy a store of ivory, which he passed up the river and search for Mavoom, to let him what has chanced here in his house."

"They said that they would do this, and taking a blanket and a little food I followed upon the track of the slave-drivers. For four days I followed, sometimes coming in sight of them, till at length my food was done and my strength left me. On the morning of the fifth day I could go no further, so I crept to the top of a kopple and watched their long line winding across the plain. In its center were two mules and on one of these mules sat a woman. Then I knew that no harm had befallen my mistress as yet, for she still lived."

"Now, from the top of this kopple I saw a little kraal far away to the right, and to this kraal I came that afternoon with my last strength. I told its people that I had escaped from the slave-drivers, and they treated me kindly. Here it was also that I learned that some white men from Natal were digging for gold in these mountains, and next day I traveled on in search of them, thinking that perchance they would help me, for I know well that the English hate the slave-drivers. And here, my lord, I am come at last with much toil, and now I pray you to deliver my mistress the Shepherdess from the hands of the Yellow Devil. Oh my lord, I seem poor and wretched; but I tell you that if you can deliver her you shall win a great reward. Yes, I will reveal to you that which I have kept secret all my life, even from Mavoom my master; I will reveal to you the secret treasures of my people, the Children of the Mist."

Now when Leonard, who all the while had been listening attentively and in silence to Saa's tale, heard her last words he raised his head and stared at her, thinking that her sorrow had made her mad. There was no look of madness upon the woman's fierce face, however, but only one of the most earnest and, indeed, passionate entreaty. So, letting this matter go for the while, he spoke to her.

"Are you then mad, mother?" he asked.

"You see that I am alone here with one servant, for my three companions, of whom the people in the kraal told you, are dead through fever, and I myself am smitten with it. And yet you ask me, alone as I am, to travel to the slave-traders' camp that is you know not where, and there, single-handed, to rescue my mistress, if indeed you have a mistress, and your tale is true. Are you then mad, mother?"

"No, lord, I am not mad, and that which I tell you is true, every word of it. I know that I ask a great thing, but I know also that you Englishmen can do great things when you are well paid. Strive to help me and you shall have your reward. Ay, should you fail, and live, I can still give you a reward; not much, perhaps, but more than you have ever earned."

"Never mind the reward now, mother," said Leonard testily, for the veiled sarcasm of Saa's speech had stung him. "Unless, indeed, you can cure me of the fever," he added with a laugh.

"I can do that," she answered quietly; "tomorrow morning I will cure you."

"So much the better," he said, with an incredulous smile. And now of your wisdom tell me how am I to look for your mistress, to say nothing of rescuing her, when I do not know where she has been taken to? Probably this Nose of which the Portuguese talk is a secret place. How long has she been carried off?"

"This will be the twelfth day, lord. As for the Nest, it is secret; that I have discovered. It is to your wisdom that I look to find it."

Leonard mused a while, then a thought struck him. Turning to the dwarf, who had been sitting by listening to all that was said in stolid silence, his great head resting upon his knees, he spoke to him in Dutch:

"Otter, were you not once taken as a slave?"

"Yes, Baas, once; ten years ago."

"How was it?"

"Thus, Baas. I was hunting on the Zambesi with the soldiers of a tribe there—it was after my own people had driven me out because they said that I was too ugly to become their chief, as I was born to be. Then the Yellow Devil, that same man of whom the woman speaks, fell upon us with Arabs and took us to his place, there to await the slave-draws. He was a stout man, horrible to see, and elderly. The day the draw came in I escaped by swimming; all the others who remained alive were taken off in ships to Zanzibar."

"Could you find your way to that place again, Otter?"

"Yes, Baas. It is a hard spot to find, for the path runs through morasses; moreover, the place is secret and protected by water. All of us slaves were blindfolded during the last day's march. But I worked up my bandage with my nose—ah! my big nose served me well."

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rescue the Shepherdess, whom they loved. But they would not do this, for the heart was out of them, they were covered by fear, and most of the head-men had been taken captive. No, they would do nothing but weep over their dead and their burnt kraals. 'You cowards,' I said; 'if you will not come, then I must go alone. At the least let some of you pass up the river and search for Mavoom, to tell him what has chanced here in his house.'

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that day—and watched the path from beneath it, and Otter never forgets a road over which his feet have traveled. Also I followed that path back."

"Could you find the spot from here?"

"Yes, Baas. I should go along these mountains, ten days' journey or more, till we struck the southernmost mouth of the Zambesi, below Luabo. Then I should follow the river down a day's journey. Afterwards two more days through the swamps and we come to the place. But it is a strong place, Baas, and there are many men armed with guns in it; moreover, there is a big gun, a 'by-and-by'!"

Again Leonard thought a moment, then he turned to Saa and asked, 'Do you understand Dutch?' 'No! Well, I have found out something of this Nest from my servant, Perelra said that it was eight days' journey from your master's Settlement; therefore your mistress has now been there some three or four days, if she ever reached it. Now, from what I know of the habits of slave-traders on the coast, the show will not begin to take in their carcases for another month, because of the monsoon. So, if I am correct, there is plenty of time. Mind you, mother, I am not saying that I will

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have anything to do with this business; I must think it over first."

"Yes, you will, White Man," she answered, "when you know the reward; but of that I will tell you to-morrow, when I have cured you of your fever. And now I pray, Black One, show me a place where I may sleep, for I am very weary."

(To be Continued.)

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Ballet Girl (to admirer)—Only think of it; the society for the prevention of cruelty to children was here to-day to enquire about me.

Rival—What a shame; I can testify that you are very good to your grandchildren.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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Agnes—Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased.

Maud—Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get.—*Elmira Gazette.*

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"It makes me tired to see the manner in which these newspapers are run," said the man in the smoking-car, as he took off his glasses and let his paper drop across his knees.

The man who sat next to him had one lock of hair—an oasis in a desert of scalp—which he spent most of his time in smoothing reflectively.

"I suppose," he said slowly, "that you could give 'em all points," he said deliberately.

"I'm sure of it. Couldn't you?"

"No, I don't think I could."

"Do you mean to say that you couldn't tell the editor how to run his paper?" exclaimed

the kicker in a tone that had absolute dismay in it.

"I do, indeed," replied the man with the oasis, earnestly.

"Well—I must say there are not many like you."

"I know it. I used to be like you are. But now I'm trying to run a newspaper myself, and I'll tell you, my friend, I'm not sayin' a word. Not a word."—*Washington Star.*



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JOHN—I wish you such a happy New Year, you dear lonely soul! Your pretty letters are always welcome.

MURIEL—Quick in temper, bright and vivacious in manner, a very idealist and a most illogical but charming nature, with its of humor, nervous force, will power, independence and originality.

BERT—You are vivacious, strong-willed, clever and a little over self-assertive; generosity and goodness of heart, with rather impulsive and romantic notions, and some carelessness of detail are yours.

ED—If you had studied my appearance when I received your pencil letter you'd have been alarmed. Kindly note that it is impossible to make a graphological study from lead pencil writing, and govern yourself accordingly. Au revoir!

ELMO—You are a whole souled, breezy and animated person, strong and constant in will, vivacious in manner and very decided in opinions. Caution and a little selfishness are shown, with a decided leaning to the good things of life.

INCHYDABLE—You are egotistic, rather apt to look on the dark side, and to despair in time of trial; very decided in opinion and inclusive in utterance; somewhat prone to idealize ordinary creatures and utterly incapable of logic. Bless you, a self-willed woman, on my life!

BERT—You are poetical and imaginative, but not very magnetic, with judgment somewhat defective and energy and feeling rather strong; caution is marked and persistent effort noticeable. You have genuine feeling and an honest and truthful method, with love of order.

MRS. JELLYBY.—1. I hate to refuse you, ma'am, but I can do next to nothing with your study. 2. No, don't invite people whom you know are in mourning and cannot come. Respect their retirement. 3. I am afraid I cannot tell you who is the author of *The World of Cant*. Perhaps some reader will.

D. D. D.—You are careful, methodical, well meaning and persevering. Should be a successful man in time. You have your ambitions and will probably reach them, being discreet and of excellent judgment, and possessing what is commonly called a level head. Honest, frankness and truth are yours, with a certain amount of taste and love of beauty.

MARY GREEN—You certainly may call me a friend. I don't see what objection could be made to it. 2. You are truthful, generous, wise and frank in speech and very honest in feeling; a trifle of idealism and a spice of romance, a rather decided will, and an adaptable but not very responsive nature are yours. Order, method and self-reliance are also evident.

KENNY—Lots of energy, but not much power of economizing the same; a matter-of-fact, constant, somewhat dry and humorous person, plentifully endowed with will and constancy of purpose; careful in speech, good-tempered and a little fond of praise. I think time should improve this study and add considerable interest. Your nature is open to gentle influence and is very sympathetic.

STUPIDITY.—1. What crankiness of fancy induced you to select that *nom de plume*? Surely it belies you. 2. You are independent, bright and slightly quick-tempered. Your manner should be easy-going, your will rather variable, ambition and sense of humor strong. You have much to learn, and many bouts with fortune to withstand before all the good in you is developed, for there is a great lot of it hidden away somewhere.

VINO.—If this is your third venture you might know better than to send a piece of rhyme. But then you'll never grasp the whole of an idea. You are painstaking, illogical and of faulty judgment, discreet to a fault, careless of self, but anxious for praise. You are cheerful, honest and ambitious, with tenacity and a touch of quick temper. The best point in your writing is its decidedly upward slope and tendency to lofty thought.

ELSMORE—Of course you love your country, my lady, and in your case, distance lends enchantment, for you are a confirmed idealist and have a very warm and affectionate nature. You are original, full of moods and fancies, rather self-absorbed and extremely conscientious and anxious for perfection. You abhor display of feelings, but are neither dull nor reserved. Your nature is receptive and you are rather given to hold fast to any project you undertake.

VICTOR.—1. I am afraid you could not remove the stain of fruit. It would not hurt them in the least to try rinsing them in gasoline. 2. Tell your sister I am not the least bit of a doctor, and haven't the least idea what is good for sick headaches. 3. You are ambitious and of a very gentle and sympathetic nature, slightly selfish and well able to take care of yourself. Under a seemingly yielding nature you have a good deal of reserve power and quiet force.

SHIRLEY, Sherbrooke.—1. I have a great many duplicate letters like yours, Shirley. It is wonderful how many forget to read the rules before sending in their studies. 2. You are bright and fond of fun, careful in speech and discreet, but not formal; you have some temper, can adapt yourself to circumstances and are not prone to be ambitious or over hopeful. I think you arrive at conclusions

Your Family

should be provided with the well-known emergency medicine,

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

The best remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

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Sure to Cure

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and soon used by millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, cures the cramps, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

slowly and that they are usually just. You have not much tact nor talent for finesse of any sort.

L'AMI FAIRE.—Perhaps you lack thought; I know some system is necessary, but a course of reading always seems to me as nauseous as a course of medicine. Read what suits you, think over it, talk about it, and if it doesn't do you good let me hear again. But don't read a lot of Ancient History or dry essays and disgorge them half-digested in conversation. Food for the mind is exactly like food for the body. We take some that is wholesome and some that is not, and when we lack well it is a sign our food agrees with us. We don't think of carrying about samples of it to exhibit. When we read what does us good, our whole nature is elevated and we are better company to ourselves and others. Now, I should vastly like to know what you've been reading and then I might suggest a few books which would benefit you.

BRIGHT.—1. I should say "on," but either is proper. You say, "my house is on—street, I live on—street, but in my house." You don't live in the street, you know; at least, I hope not, this cold weather. 2. How is it that a great many marriages, love matches, turn out unhappy? Ah, my dear Irish girl, it is because like the new house-keeper's cake, the sugar is left out. Love has many limitations. No marriage can be quite a wreck if everything that makes love is in it. Patience, tact, forbearance, silence, hope, content, sympathy, surely some of these are every time missing. Often the couple discover each other's true nature, only after months of disguise, a chance difference, a prejudice revealed, a jealous trait disclosed and the needful grace not at hand to counteract it! *Voilà tout!* 3. I don't see why you should take very much knowing, Bright; you are a little self-conscious and rather demure and careful, but there is no very marked reserve nor yet a snappish temper. I should fancy you a very easy person to cultivate.

Situations Wanted—Male



Expert young man, aged twenty-eight, would like to get into a bank; salary no object. No objection to working after hours.—*Judge.*



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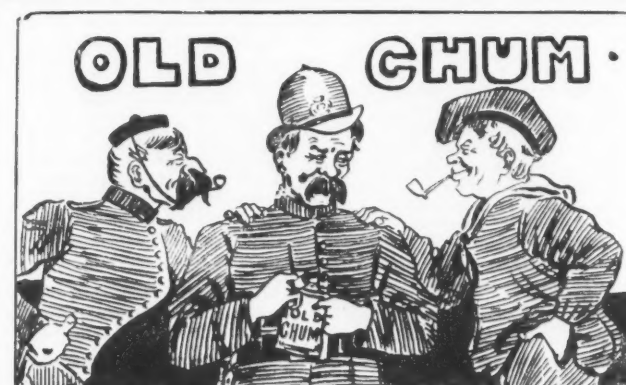


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AN EDITOR'S WIFE.

A Serious Trouble of Many Year's Standing is Banished.

ONLY ONE MEDICINE COULD DO THE WORK.

Grand Encouragement for All Who are Similarly Afflicted.



MRS. A. H. WATSON.

CREEMORE, Ont., January 13.—The good people of this thriving village now freely and heartily discuss a subject that has interested thousands in other parts of the Dominion.

The popular subject in the quiet and well ordered homes of this place has nothing to do with politics, religion or foreign matters: even local subjects pertaining to improvements are less sight of, while the more weighty ones—that of relieving, curing disease and bringing back lost health, by the use of Paine's celery compound, is spoken of by young and old.

The record of wonderful cures effected in large centers of population has reached this town, situated on the Mad River, and has developed an interest, especially amongst the sick and their friends, that cannot easily die out or fade from memory.

Residents here have heard how their relatives and friends in other places were cured by Paine's celery compound, and have used the great life-giver themselves; no instance of failure or disappointment has been reported; all rejoice because of the banishment of old and dangerous maladies.

For these reasons the people of this village and surrounding country are ready to testify regarding the merits of Paine's celery compound, its worth to the afflicted and its superiority over all other preparations.

At the present time it will suffice to mention the name of one prominent family here who truly tested and tried the efficacy of Paine's celery compound, and derived results that are wonderful.

Mr. A. H. Watson is the publisher and proprietor of Creemore's popular weekly, the *Mad River Star*. Every resident of Creemore,

and the people of adjacent villages and towns, know the enterprising proprietor of the *Star*, and many are acquainted with his accomplished and amiable wife.

Mrs. Watson is one of many in this village who has tested the curing powers of Paine's celery compound. For many years she suffered severely from violent headaches and prostration, and only got rid of her terrible sufferings after a course of treatment with nature's health restorer. For the benefit of other sufferers, Mrs. Watson has kindly consented to have her testimony made public; she says:

"For many years I was sorely troubled with violent headaches, so that at times I was completely prostrated and unable to attend to household duties. I started to use Paine's celery compound, and experienced immediate relief; and since using it I have not had a recurrence of the trouble. I consider Paine's celery compound an invaluable remedy, and will always be pleased to say a word for it." This testimony of Mrs. Watson is surely full of encouragement to others in Canada to take the same course, and use the same means. Had she been influenced (as many are at times by dealers interested in big-profit and worthless medicines) to use some other preparation, a cure could not have resulted. No medicine but Paine's celery compound can honestly and surely meet such cases as violent headache, prostration, nervousness, sleeplessness, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and run-down constitution. Avoid all medicines that are recommended as just as good as Paine's celery compound; they and snares and delusions, and cannot cure disease.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND M. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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The Drama.

IF when Henry Pettett wrote *Hands Across the Sea* he depended for its success upon its production before audiences such as that which filled Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House on Monday evening, he did not write in vain. It is just one of those melodramas which meet favor at the hands of an audience who appreciate a play brimful of sensational situations and interesting incidents. I question, however, whether the author would have felt flattered had he been present at Monday night's performance. He would have allowed that the respective characters were fairly well represented: that some of the principals, in fact, did more than ordinary justice to the characters entrusted to them for portrayal, but it is very doubtful whether he would have relished the introduction into *Hands Across the Sea* of Sergeant Simm's Columbian Cadets—a troupe of juvenile negroes, who execute between the first and second acts of the play a variety of military exercises. If it is necessary that these clever, well trained youngsters should appear in conjunction with the drama, surely there are scores of plays in which their appearance would be far more appropriate than the one under notice. However, whilst Mr. Pettett would unquestionably object to such an innovation, Mr. W. S. Reeves, under whose able management *Hands Across the Sea* was presented, has the satisfaction of knowing that the audience—or, at any rate, the greater part of them—did not object and that they cheered the performance to the echo. Certain it is that a better troupe of trained boys seldom have appeared in public. Their every movement, taken from the drill book of the American army, was executed with the greatest precision and accuracy, and in some cases, notably their bayonet exercise, would have done credit to many a squad of military men, whilst their exercises generally afforded those of our citizen soldiers who were present an opportunity of distinguishing to some extent between the drill in which they themselves were instructed and that performed by Uncle Sam's soldiery. Nevertheless, I think the introduction of the Columbian Cadets was out of place in conjunction with *Hands Across the Sea*. Besides breaking in upon the thread of a somewhat interesting story, it prolonged the entertainment to a late hour, and life is too short to permit of too much of a good thing, even at so popular a place of amusement as Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House. *Hands Across the Sea* fills the bill for the entire week. UNO.

The large crowd that filled the Grand on Monday evening was the worst sold assembly that has gathered in that house this season. We were told that it was the most expensive vaudeville company on the road, and the men about town stopped people on the streets on Monday advising them to go, as it was one of the greatest shows on earth, every individual in it a star. Miss Jennie Dickerson, supposed to be the New York opera singer of that name who appeared here last year in Robin Hood, turned out to be a London music hall female person, probably from Mile End neighborhood, a purveyor of vulgar and slangy songs. The Girards were not what the name led us to expect, and if the lady who whistled was Mrs. Alice Shaw, then no other woman ever made such a fortune and reputation on such an unhandy pucker and such a mediocre performance as the said Mrs. Alice Shaw. There are several whistlers in town who quite excel her. D'Alvini gave some of Hermann's specialties, with none of that great master's art. The only feature of the show that was worth seeing was the new dancing effects of Miss Bertha Fisch. Those were pretty indeed. Manager Sheppard was probably the most angry man in the house when the show closed.

The Academy, like the Grand, has been giving us a week of vaudeville, and considering the prices charged the show is a good one.

The Lacrosse Club minstrels are performing at the Grand the last two days of the week, and the great advance sale of seats guarantees jam up houses.

Herrmann, the magician, will be at the Grand next week, and will be greeted by the good houses that his excellent entertainment always deserves.

The Bottom of the Sea will be staged at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week, and the California Opera Company at the Academy of Music.

Agnes Knox will give a recital in Association Hall on Monday evening, Jan. 29. Since her last appearance in this city she has visited Britain and appeared in its chief centers, winning golden press encomiums on her every appearance. James Oliphant, M.A., F.R.S.E., in his article, *Recitation as a Fine Art*, speaks of her as follows: "It was a revelation of what can be done by a true, interpretative artist, when the material is of the finest quality. The power of the impression rested mainly, of course, on the mastery of voice and feature, and on the intensity with which the passion was realized by the reciter."

No pains are being spared by the Trinity Dramatic Club to make their performances of



A Song at Twilight—F. S. CHALLENGER



Mornet Roses—M. H. REID



Making Dutch Wooden Shoes (Clumpen)—F. M. BELL SMITH

Some Pictures at the Palette Club Exhibition.

the 26th and 27th instant the eminent success that the plays to be produced demand. Betsy, F. C. Burnard's famous three-act comedy, will be presented to a Toronto audience for the first time. It is a play sparkling with wit, and full of laughable situations, without being too farcical, something which should not fail to take, and which under Mr. Martin Cleworth's management should certainly be the case. The following is the complete cast: Messrs. Cattaneach, Pottenger, Gwyn, McMurrich, Saunders, Osborne and Wilkie, and Mrs. Cleworth, and the Misses Shanly, Heward, Edith Heward, Wadsworth and Jarvis.

Miss Marguerite Dunn gave a recital in West Association Hall on Tuesday evening, and her various selections were very much enjoyed. In some of her pieces she evinced her talent in a striking way. Of her assistants those making the best impression were Miss Redpath, vocalist, and a younger Miss Redpath, pianist.

Miss Alexander will appear at the Caledonian Society's Burns anniversary concert next week.

James Whitcomb Riley is America's national poet. He has sung the songs of our life as no one else has done, and is safely enshrined for all time in the love of his fellow men. He has written from the heart to the heart, and the applause which has met his efforts testifies with what great success. A new volume from his pen is seized with eagerness, and tens of thousands of copies disappear in a few days. But great as has been the demand for Mr. Riley's works, the desire to see and hear the poet in his homely impersonations has been greater. A more successful tour than his last, which extended from ocean to ocean, has not been recorded. East, west, north, south, everywhere the people want Riley. His programmes, always new, present such a variety, such a range of dramatic action that an evening with him is an event in the life of every person who hears him. Douglas Sherley needs no introduction to the students of the best American literature. Critics have compared his work to the prose writings of Edgar Allan Poe. His pen has an exquisite touch that challenges admiration. At his Southern home he is a favorite whose perpetual good humor and vivacious versatility are both the admiration and the envy of his friends. He tells with fetching unctious his own father's estimate of that famous versatility. "Why," said the amiable father, "if Moody and Sankey were to come to Louisville, and the one who did the praying or the one who did the singing were to drop dead with apoplexy on the platform, Douglas would take right hold where the deceased left off and finish up the service; and next week if Dan Rice should come along with his trick mules, and one of them should break the neck of the trained rider, Douglas would lay hold raw-handed and ride the mule,

or get his neck cracked, also!" The Riley-Sherley engagement at the Pavilion on the 30th inst. is easily the literary event of the season. It constitutes the fourth number in Kleiser's Star Course. The plan of seats opens at Nordheimer's next Monday, January 22, at 10 a.m.

The Palette Club Exhibition.

A LITTLE more than a year ago a small band of workers formed an organization now known as the Palette Club. There was not a member of it who had not profited by a sojourn and study in older countries, and most of them had seen their work on the walls of the Salon, the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery, as well as in exhibitions held in American centers. The immediate object of the club was to hold several small and choice exhibitions each year, hoping in this way to do something towards raising the standard of taste and at the same time to show by means of such exhibitions that a healthful and beautiful art was spring-



The Hod Carrier—G. A. REID.



Portrait: Mrs. James Boulton—E. WYLEY GRIER.



James Whitcomb Riley and Douglas Sherley

Shadow River.

For Saturday Night.

River of shadows, thou water most mystical,
From whose deep bosom, at all times most calm,
Nature's great beauties are ever reflected back,
Thou'rt like the "still waters" of David's sweet psalm

Oh have I glided alone o'er thy wanderings,
Bright sky above me, beneath, waters pure,
Ever my blest bark boat carefully piloting
Leet its faint ripple some painting obscure.

Painting! ah, yes, but by mortal ne'er conjured up.
Subject! for earth's greatest artist too grand.
Canvas! none needed there: no sky to color in.
Painter! that holdeth the deep in His hand.

Pausing now, gazing far down in thy placid face,
Like some great mirror, so flawless and bright,
O'me the one thought to me, all others driving out,
Like conscience's monitor in the still night.

"If God could thus make a poor earthly element,
With such fidelity nature portray,
What must that mirror which records our actions be,
Reflecting ever all we do or say."

"A small winding stream of singular beauty, tributary to Lake Rousseau, and whose waters by reason of their peculiar natural composition reflect with the most perfect fidelity and minuteness the shadows cast by the trees and shrubs overhanging its banks."

Condemned.

For Saturday Night.

A woman, haggard and broken,
Struggled alone with life;
Beaten and bruised in the conflict,
Weary and worn in the strife.
She thought of her early girlhood
When the roses were all a-bloom,
When no grim and sullen shadows
Foretold the coming of gloom.

Then there was grace and beauty,
Laughter instead of tears,
But she buried them one gray morning
In the grave of the backward years.
Only a day of sorrow,
Only a night of care,
And the trusting soul of a woman
Is drifting, God knows where.

She remembers her first far wandering
From the light of a sheltered fold;
She remembers the dream of her life-love,
The sweetest that ever was told,
The anguish (God have mercy!)
When the first doubt entered in,
The breaking of all the old ties,
With the coming of death and sin.

Temptation, trial and heartache;
Weariness, want and woe,
'Long the shores of the black, black river
Gleams of hope that come and go.
Drifting, drifting onward,
With ebbing, torn sails unfurled;
Drifting, drifting ever
With the unceasing world.

Standing condemned, forsaken,
Soul that was once so white,
Hearts that were once so true,
Breaking alone to-night.

GRETHEN VON STRAUSS

Love-Land.

For Saturday Night.

Far beyond the fading sunset
And the skies of deepest blue,
Lies a land of mist and shadow,
Long the haunt of lovers true.

'Tis the home of Youth and Beauty,
Wealth and Fame are strangers there;
Love alone reigns there supremely,
Love alone makes all things fair.

Loud the songs of joy are ringing,
Rolling on the scented breeze;
Love and pipe, and maiden voices
All the amorous senses please.

Soft the silver light is falling
From the tender moon on high;
In the shade soft eyes are gleaming,
Bright as stars that deck the sky.

Death ne'er enters this fair garden;
Youth's first Love is always true;
Age can never pass the portal;
Grief fades like the morning dew.

O'er the seas of Jasper beauty
Float the notes of joyous song;
Softly gleams the whitened raiment
Of a slowly moving throng.

On the breeze, like bees sweet-laden,
Moves the music-bearing train;
Like a ship with treasure laden
Slowly sailing home again.

Hand in hand float Youth and Beauty,
Past the shores of Death and Woe;
Sink they to their rest sweet given,
In the sea of Long Ago.

B. KELLY.

So They Say.

For Saturday Night.

They say: Are words oft spoken when we talk about our friends,
They're easy, safe, convenient, if our tale some one offends;
When we're telling how our brother slipped from off the narrow way,
We don't use any names, you know, but merely—

So they say!

Thus they say: Young Rounder is getting awfully fast,
That when to make some New Year's calls from house to house he passed,
He shook hands with a hat-rack saying, "Hope you'll well to-day!"
I don't know if for certain, but really—

So they say!

They say that pretty Mrs. Larks, that lively married belle,
Has found her husband's wealth to be decidedly a sell,
So her admirers must "shell out" to aid her charms display,
It must be all mere slander! but really—

So they say!

They say that worthy parson, whose preaching is so fine,
Likes visiting the widow, as enjoined by law divine,
And what's more; married ladies (when their husbands are away)
What a shame to talk such rubbish! but really—

So they say!

They say that Mr. Beezaw got a black eye last night,
He came home early from the store, and also somewhat tight,
Found his wife on the veranda, with handsome Captain Flay,
And there was quite a rumpus! yes, really!

So they say!

"They say" has blighted many a life and broken many a heart,
'Tis the shelter of the coward, the liar's standstill dart;
With care you launch a murderous dart, the innocent to slay,
And wing it with three little words, I set me free.

So they say!

REGINALD GOURLAY.

There are many ways of life,
The way men take is different,
Affairs of life, and widely differ,
Perhaps some along expressions
The dictionary failed.

Just let me tell you
Friend is of a poor
well dowered as
it comes to a
man comrade,
himself bound,
as much pleas
a woman gener
reverse scale,
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woman friend a
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ing, "I want a
live so far away
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little lunch tog
ing I rode some
business and pie
was so hungry th
I had not better
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glance, and look
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and I rose to t
and ordered, and
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it was too
gestion, brought
nervous tension
very good lunch
asked me to lun

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unless he is a
glances over the
and recommends
notice. To hear
noontime meals a
apiece. And thi
your sense of hu
manner. You ha
a drop of cream
duck or spring ch
slads, and your
much trouble to
does seem palat
treated by a man
one know it?
than once, too!

When I go to
corner table at
that stands betw
luncher. (There,
relatives, and M
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crowds surging p
nearest relative to
what he sees and
logs of Gotham.
engagements or tr
up the last crum
betake ourselves
though we search
have lunched in t
pany.

One could writ
lunches; at le
hundreds of feet
of feet above grou
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tools of gold and
lunches eaten
lunches dawdle
of luxury and eas
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lands, and lunch
the thermometer
ber freezing in
the laughter bubb
quaffed the juice
and sparkling; l
water was salt wit
one drank. What
me as I think of t
for some of them
the rest.

I had rather a
I made the circ
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parks and boulev
and you can fancy
doing the circlet
mer's day. At no
tired enough, and
age way, and un
handsome house,
wheel turning in
bell and asking i
water. I didn't v
on which to compl
miles would not b
asked me to come
my guardian angel
—and where do y
dining-room of th
and Cure for lady
not fall off my wh
of the wrecks of
and morphine-rul
of. The handsom
ful eyes, that foll
that discover the
hides the morphin
holds the deadly
with no backward
breath when I p
open gates. And
ber that luncheon.

Between You and Me.

There are many little curious differences in the way men and women transact the ordinary affairs of life, and in no one act do they more widely differ than in the way they "treat." Perhaps some purist will protest against this slang expression, but I have tried all through the dictionary to find a classic equivalent and failed.

Just let me tell you that unless your woman friend is of a peculiarly sensible, generous and well-dowered sort, you will fare better, when it comes to a "treat," with your most ordinary man comrade, than with her. A man considers himself bound to give you as little trouble and as much pleasure as is possible to the occasion; a woman generally fixes things just on the reverse scale. One day, one memorable day, which I cite by way of illustration, I was under an engagement to lunch with a smart woman friend at one of the swell city restaurants. She invited me a week beforehand, saying: "I want a cosy chat with you, and as I live so far away I'm not going to ask you to come to the house. We'll just have a nice little lunch together, down town." That morning I rode some ten miles, here and there on business and pleasure, and when noon came I was so hungry that I deliberated as to whether I had not better tone down a cyclist's ravenous appetite with some trifle of soup or sandwich before I was called for by the lady. However, before I decided, she came, with a stranger to whom I was introduced as a member of the "cosy little chat" arranged for. We sought the overcrowded dining-hall and secured a vacant table. The lady turned over the bill of fare with a doubtful glance, and looking earnestly at me enquired, "Will you have a cup of tea?" I shall never forget that instant. "I never take lunch," she said plaintively. "But you two may order just what pleases you. Please excuse me a moment. I must speak to Mrs. —" and she left us. I am proud to say that the stranger and I rose to the opportunity. We plotted, and ordered, and ate, and chuckled, and ordered more, and wildly plunged into dainties and extras, and when the bill came we were sorry, but it was too late. I never had such indignation, brought on no doubt by the extreme nervous tension under which I consumed the very good luncheon. And the lady has never asked me to lunch since!

A man doesn't ask if you'll have "tea," not unless he is a miracle of meanness. He glances over the bill of fare in a lordly manner, and recommends about a dozen things to your notice. To hear and see him, you'd think his noonday meal averaged a cost of three dollars apiece. And this funny way of his tickles your sense of humor in the most appetizing manner. You have to protest and beg for just a drop of cream of celery, just a taste of roast duck or spring chicken, to avow your horror of salads, and your contempt for pie, and after much trouble to confess that French coffee does seem palatable. That's the way you are treated by a man luncher, and don't you every one know it? And the man asks you more than once, too!

When I go to New York there is a certain corner table at a big hotel on Fifth avenue that stands between me and my ideal man luncher. (There, there! he's the nearest of relatives, and Mr. Gay knows all about it.) We sit and discuss business and fun and every delicacy that the season affords, and watch the crowds surging past Madison Square, and the nearest relative tells me outrageous stories of what he sees and knows of the queer happenings of Gotham. And by and by we think of engagements or trains or boats, and we hurry up the last crumbs of our ideal luncheon and betake ourselves to travel or toll, and feel that though we search the world over we could not have lunched in better comfort or better company.

One could write a book of retrospective luncheons; at least I could. Of luncheons hundreds of feet underground and hundreds of feet above ground; luncheons carved with a bowie knife or delicately manipulated with tools of gold and silver and mother of pearl; luncheons eaten in terror of death, and luncheons dangled over in the *dolce far niente* of luxury and ease; luncheons languidly swallowed under vine-shaded arbors in Eastern lands, and luncheons hurriedly devoured with the thermometer way out of count and the beer freezing in the glass; luncheons where the laughter bubbled from the rosy lips as they quaffed the juice of Frankish vineyards cold and sparkling; luncheons where the white water was salt with tears that fell like rain as one drank. What a vista of a life opens before me as I think of them, and my soul is hungry for some of them and faints at the memory of the rest.

I had rather a queer lunch last summer, as I made the circuit of Chicago on my wheel. You know how Chicago is belted about with parks and boulevards, in a lovely green girdle, and you can fancy the fine time one might have doing the circuit on a sweet, cool, breezy, summer's day. At noon time I was hungry and tired enough, and I came upon a pretty carriage way, and under towering trees a large handsome house, and somehow I found the wheel turning in, and myself ringing the hall bell and asking in faltering tones for a glass of water. I didn't want water—Chicago water on which to complete a ride of some forty-five miles would not be just the best thing. They asked me to come in and have lunch—just as my guardian angel had whispered they would—and where do you think I lunched? In the dining-room of the Martha Washington Hotel and Cure for lady diplomatas. I wonder I did not fall off my wheel, as I rode away thinking of the wrecks of womanhood, brandy-cursed and morphine-ruined, whom I had a glimpse of. The handsome park is full of eyes, watchful eyes, that follow the inebriate's every step, that discover the secret place where she hides the morphine, and the hollow tree which holds the deadly opium package. I rode fast, with no backward glances, and drew a long breath when I passed the beautiful, wide, open gates. And I think I shall ever remember that luncheon.

LADY GAY.

RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF A NILE VOYAGEUR



BY CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

with that wonderful calm of Egyptian art. I then seemed to feel the littleness of self and the brevity of earthly time.

There was silence in our boat as we landed, and every man as he looked at the gigantic figures which were now bathed in moonlight seemed fascinated with their strange beauty and impressed by their awful calm. All around was a desolation unspeakable; the vast silence of the night was unbroken, save by the murmur of the storied river that laved the face of the cliff.

BECAUSE a man holds Her Majesty's commission it doesn't naturally follow that he is a gentleman as well as an officer. Major Gorman was an officer of the Nile Voyageurs. That is neither his rank nor name, but every Nile Voyageur will recognize him, and as the world may be fastidious I won't introduce him. How on earth he ever got his appointment the lords-in-waiting at Rideau Hall only know. It may be that he was permitted to go for the same reason that I was—the haste with which the Canadian contingent were organized.

I have nothing essentially personal against Gorman, and never had, and don't wish to say anything harsh against him, but he was the sort of man that gave you a bad taste in your mouth when talking about him. He was rather a good-looking fellow, looked well in uniform and knew just enough to hold his tongue and, in voyageur parlance, travel on his shape.

If he didn't know a thing he looked wise and said nothing. He had also the gift of being insufferably insolent by not saying a word, and that most galling of all snobbery would never give a man a chance at retort or defence by not opening his mouth.

Still I don't hate Gorman, often as I chafed at his manner and, let me call them, his idiosyncrasies. I had my revenge for any ungraciousness to me. I saw him not long ago on parade with all the fuss and feathers of jingling spurs, tossing plume and the two Sudan medals, and I laughed. He caught my eye, and by the change of his face I saw he recognized me. He didn't laugh. Although I am no mind-reader, I am as sure as I am of anything in this uncertain world that within the space of thirteen seconds his mind traveled over half a continent, an ocean, a sea, about eight hundred miles up a river in Africa, and located itself in an inner chamber of a wonderful temple three thousand five hundred years old. When I remember the scene that took place there I feel that I should have no ill-will against Gorman, for things between us were evened up there, and I think we both understood why I laughed and he didn't.

If anyone is careless about whom they meet, and particularly desirous to know who Gorman is, let him get a list of the Canadian officers on the Nile, see them individually and ask each: "What sort of time had you in the Temple of Abu Simboul?" You will recognize Gorman at once. If you wink one eye in a knowing way, look mysterious and ask him to lend you \$10 until the day after tomorrow, he'll lend it. He won't tell you anything about his adventures in Abu Simboul, but I will.

It was at the out-set of the campaign. The Canadian contingent were being towed in the thirty feet whalers by steamer through Nubia, where our actual work was to begin. A British officer came to us one evening and said that the wonderful temple of Ramses the Great was a short distance away, and asked for volunteers to row some whalers with the officers to it. I was anxious to go and was graciously permitted. I remembered vaguely having read something somewhere about this temple, which was considered the most wonderful in the world, which the powerful and vain-glorious Ramses, the conqueror of all nations, had constructed out of a mountain, fearing that any other monument of his prowess and power would be destroyed by the envy and hatred of his successors or enemies.

He succeeded. As long as the overlasting hills stand; as long as the earth remains in its present form; when the puny erections of the last one thousand years return to their original dust; when St. Paul's, St. Peter's and Westminster are merely matters of history, this evidence of the pride and power of a wonderful people and a wonderful civilization will remain to confound investigation and provoke wonder.

A half hour's hard pull against the current in the moonlight and we were in the shadow of a cliff rising almost perpendicularly from the water's edge. There were some exclamations from the officers in the stern. I looked up. I may be impressionable; Celtic blood may cause me to be superstitious; a Highland nurse's weird stories may have had their influence, but the first sight of those four colossal figures carved in the facade of that cliff comes to me again and again as I am sinking into the semi-oblivion of sleep or when I contemplate the awfulness of immortality. Immortal they were to me then, as in weird majesty they seemed to gaze over rock, desert and river

and was about to proceed to rejoin our party. They had apparently been exploring some of the other recesses of the temple, for at that moment a whole array of scared bats flew through one of the entrances, and in the reckless manner that bats have, knocked up against everything and knocked the candle out of Gorman's hand. The darkness was so intense you could almost feel it. Gorman, in a kindly, conciliatory tone, said: "Have you got a light, Mr. Lewis?" That was the first time I had been called "Mister" on the trip, and as I felt the candle and the matches in my pocket I recognized the important strategic position I now held. "No," I said, "you do—n vandal; you heathenish Goth." I told him a lot of other things, but no one would print them. From my throne I talked over the condition of affairs. He told me he had Ramses by the right leg, but that he was reluctant about letting go to hunt for the candle, as he would surely lose himself. As for looking for the others in the dark, that was impossible, on account of the numerous passages leading, it might be, into the bowels of the earth. I endeavored to console him by saying that the boats would probably leave shortly and our party would think we were with the others and go without us. At any rate, if we were to die we would have a sepulchre even a Canadian ought to be proud of. He then asked me if I would try to find the way out, and if successful, return for him. I exacted a solemn promise that there would be no further discussion about arrest, insolence or unpleasantness. I told him if he did that I would tell every officer on the expedition about the funk he was in. I took ten accurately counted steps from my statue and said in a far-away voice, "I think this is the way. Good-bye!"

I then took ten steps straight back to the place of beginning, as the lawyers say. Gorman breathed heavily and occasionally would shout at the top of his voice: "Have you found it?" He was needlessly ruining a fine bass voice, for I was not more than five feet away and I could hear his teeth chatter. When I was a youngster a favorite game was what we called playing Indian. I had carefully cultivated a species of war-whoop which was the envy and admiration of my school-fellows. I hadn't tried it for years. I thought I would try the effect of it on Gorman. I was half-scared myself at the fiendish yell as it echoed through the vaulted roof and along the passages. As for Gorman, he at first seemed paralyzed with fear, but in a minute he began



The torches threw a weird light.

I will always remember the look of horror and disgust on the faces of officers and men when Gorman impetuously answered, "Why, I am going to take the toe back to Canada as a curio."

Everybody fell back. Gorman kept on pounding. No one said anything. The Canadian officers were in a sense the guests of their British fellows and we boatmen were not engaged for the purpose of correcting militia-men in matters of taste. We wouldn't have had time for our work. Apparently the Englishmen and the Canadians were disgusted at the vandalism, for they left the chamber.

I was anxious as a mere study of human depravity to see how Gorman got along with his work and the feelings that he might display, so I remained. We were alone. Gorman had placed his candle on the knee of the sitting monarch, so I seated myself on the lap of his

wife and watched the efforts of the amateur stone-cutter.

"How are you getting along, Major?" I said, as I reclined against the stony bosom of her deceased majesty and proceeded to light my pipe. The amputation of the toe was apparently going to take time. He gave a thundering whack at the foot and said, "Slowly; it's terribly tough."

"Any corns on it?" I said. "Maybe the lamented king wore his sandals too tight. What toe are you after anyhow? Have you any particular one in view, any one your soul specially yearns for? The little one, eh? I'm not much of a connoisseur in toes, but I think your judgment and taste are correct. The favorite toe is generally the little one, that is, among the best people. You will be quite popular in society when you return with it. Just think of taking a lady into the conservatory between dances and producing that little toe from the tail of your evening coat. You will be the lion of the season. But why restrict yourself to toes, Major?" I continued. "You might pack home a varied assortment of ears, fingers and noses. They would be interesting."

Gorman here told me to hold my tongue, and I was silent for a short time as I changed to the other side of the queen's lap. Stone laps are not comfortable. Gorman still pounded on the left knee-cap of my couch. "Why didn't you get some of the toes of the kings around Luxor, Edfou and other places in Egypt? Why are you specially after Ramses? Are you down on him or have you got anything against him particularly? Remember the man is dead—very dead—about thirty-four hundred years, they say. Time, the healer of all wrongs, has had, goodness knows, chance enough to get in its work. It is cruel; it is unchristian to feel a grudge against a man who has been in his grave for thirty-three and one-half centuries. Ramses II. was tyrannical, unscrupulous and despotic, but because he was ambitious there is no necessity for knocking the little toe off his statue."

Gorman here said he would have me put under arrest for insolence. He was mad. He hit the foot a fierce blow and his object was attained. After fondly grasping the small piece of rock he took the candle in his hand



I put my arm around the late Queen's waist.

and was about to proceed to rejoin our party. They had apparently been exploring some of the other recesses of the temple, for at that moment a whole array of scared bats flew through one of the entrances, and in the reckless manner that bats have, knocked up against everything and knocked the candle out of Gorman's hand. The darkness was so intense you could almost feel it. Gorman, in a kindly, conciliatory tone, said:

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yelling like a half-starved coyote. I was so overcome with silent laughter that to support myself I had to place my arm around Mrs. Ramses's waist. It was in the dark. In a few minutes we saw lights approaching and several of our party appeared. When Gorman saw me seated a few feet from him intently engaged in lighting a candle, he didn't say anything. He seemed to be doing a lot of thinking as he walked to the boat, but he held on to Ramses' toe.

Seeking a Divorce.

He came into the office of one of our leading attorneys and plunged dejectedly down into a chair.

"Say," he began, "are you a tip-top lawyer? Never fail in a case?"

"I try to be," was the lawyer's modest reply.

"What can I do for you?"

"I want to get a divorce."

"Have you sufficient reasons for separation?"

"You just bet I have!"

"Well, kindly tell me your troubles and I will let you have my opinion."

"Five years ago I married a country girl because I thought I'd get a sensible one. Got that down?"

"Yes."

"Well, things went nicely for two years; then came the rub."

"Yes."

"The first thing she did was to go and buy a lot of love-sick novels to find out how society in London was carried on."

"Yes."

"I didn't mind that; but after she had nosed around a bit she began to get her hifalutin ideas."

"Yes."

"Well, she commenced with makin' me get two servants. Then she made us have breakfast off the mantel-piece—that is, get up an' help yourself."

"Yes."

"Then she made me belong to three or four clubs, an' made it hot for me if I came earlier than one o'clock. Got that?"

"Next she made the servants call her milady. But she capped the climax by sayin' one day that she was sufferin' from enwe. I went to a doctor an' asked him what the deuce that was, an' he told me it was French for that tired feeling. That settled it. From that on it was enwe an' enter nong, an' bullyung, an' soloong an' parley voo, an'—well, then she went in for music. She called Wagner 'Vogner,' Liszt 'Leest,' an' ended the whole business by calling me her charmangle. Say, don't you think you could fix it up right off before she takes to runnin' around with Italian singers and runnin' for school commissioner?"—*Syracuse Journal*.

Pomp and the Jackass.

The country store in the sunny South is the rendezvous for all the village inhabitants, large and small, black or white, where the news is circulated and jokes perpetrated.

A group of loungers were seated in a store of this kind when a coffee-colored coon, with sloping shoulders and ears at right angles to his head, shuffled through the doorway.

"Hello, Pomp," said one of the loungers.

"You're looking just like that lion I saw this morning."

"Lion?" said Pomp, with his hat on end.

"Where was he?"

"In Jake Smith's livery stable."

"Sho! What he look like?"

"Oh, he had legs, and body, and long ears."

"Dat wasn't no lion, yo' poor white trash," returned the darkey, disgusted. "Dat was a Jackass."

"Well, you look just like him," answered the loungeer with a grin.

Pomp saw the joke, though he didn't like it to be on him. Just then a neighbor planter entered the store and the negro saw a chance to repeat the jest at another's expense. "Morning, Massa Johnson," said he. "Yo' look jest like dat lion I saw y'es'dy."

"Where did you see a lion, you fool?" was the courteous response.

"Down Massa Smith's livery stables. Had legs an' body, an' big, long ears."

"That wasn't a lion," said the planter.

"Den what was it?" asked Pomp eagerly.

"Why, a looking-glass, you black coon," answered the planter contemptuously, amid a general roar of laughter.—*Yankee Blade*.

What Newsboys Say.

The boys who sell papers near Brooklyn Bridge on the streets, when not engaged in puffing the insidious cigarette or cigar stump, are keen and bright, as their communings show.

"Wot yer going to holler ter day, Jamsey?" said one of the leaders of the squad to his partner this afternoon.

"I'm going to sing out: 'Ere's your Central Persifk train robbers. They make a fyasko and skip.'"

"What's a fyasko, Jimmy?"

"I dunno, edzactly, Patsey; but it's a heap of money, you can bet your life on that."

"Well," said Patsey, "I'm going ter holler: 'Desperate fight on the Bowery. Jones's gallant defence.'"

"What's a gallant defence?"

"Hittin' a woman wid a club."

This took Jimmy back a little; but he soon recovered from the temporary shock and said:

"If I don't hit 'em hard wid de ex fyasko, I'll holler: 'Latest bulletin from Washington; dangerous condishun of President Cleveland. That'll knock 'em sure.'"

A young fellow was looking over the various purchases of his step-mother, intended for a long and varied list. "Did you say this was for the new clergyman?" he enquired, holding up one card. "Yes, that with the dove flying against the blue sky. Pretty, isn't it?" He gave a low whistle. "You didn't happen to read the legend, I suppose?" She shook her head. "I never thought of it. Why?" He tossed it into her lap and she saw: "I would take thee to my bosom, but thou wilt not come." The new clergyman did not get his Christmas card.—*N. Y. Times*.

Short Stories Retold.

The company marched so poorly and went through the drill so badly that the captain, who was somewhat of an excitable nature, shouted indignantly at the soldiers, "You knock-kneed duffers, you are not worthy of being drilled by a captain. What you need is a rhinoceros to drill you, you wretched donkeys!" Then sheathing his sword indignantly the captain said, "Now, lieutenant, you take charge of the company."

The Duke of Roquelaure, a favorite of Louis XIV., was excessively plain-looking. One day he fell in with an Auvergnat who had a favor to ask of the King. Roquelaure interceded on his behalf, and, in doing so, informed His Majesty that he was under a great obligation to the man. The prayer was granted, and a few days later the King asked the Duke the nature of his obligation to the Auvergnat. "Ah! Sir," he replied, "but for this baboon I should be the ugliest man in the whole of France!"—*Le Monde Pittoresque.*

A story is told of two Irishmen who were caught asleep one night in the loft of a burning building. One of them hastily drew on his trousers and jumped from the window. In his fright and hurry he had unconsciously pulled on the garment wrong side foremost with an effect which, when he recovered his equilibrium after the jump, excited his profound consternation. "Pat! Pat!" called out his companion, still in the loft, "air ye kilt intirely!" "No, Molke," replied Pat, in hopeless tones, "it's not kilt Oi am, me b'ye, but I fear me Oi'm fatally twisted!"

When the Prince of Wales visited the United States, many years ago, they gave a great ball in his honor in St. Louis. Governor Stewart of Missouri came down from Jefferson City to do credit to it, and in the course of the evening became very happy, very proud, not to say enthusiastic. He and the prince were stationed on a little platform raised for them at one side of the hall, where the beauty and brilliancy and blue blood of St. Louis swept by them in dazzling review. The spectacle elevated Stewart's feelings several notches. Finally he administered a mighty slap to the royal back, and exclaimed: "Prince, don't you wish you was governor of Mizourah!"—*Argonaut.*

In 1842 Longfellow, accompanied by his father-in-law, Mr. Appleton, and the son of the latter, put up at the Raven Hotel, Zurich. At the end of their stay the landlord presented them with his bill, the total amount of which was simply outrageous, even for a Swiss inn-keeper of that period. Mr. Appleton, however, settled it; but the poet gave vent to his feelings in the subjoined epigram, which he wrote in the visitors' book:

Beware of the Raven of Zurich;
'Tis a bird of omen ill,
With an ugly, uncouth nest,
And a very, very long "bill."
—*Le Monde Illustré.*

In October last the Central Bank, Antwerp, notified Messrs. T— and Co., importers of wheat, that henceforth only one thousand francs' worth of five franc pieces would be received at a single payment. This intimation enraged the excitable head of the firm to such a degree that he at once consulted a lawyer, who told him that, in the eyes of the law, the bank was not entitled to impose any such restriction. Whereupon the head of the firm stated in reply to the ukase of the bank that in the future all their payments should be effected in five franc pieces. And he kept his word. Every time he had to pay money into the bank he bought up all the five-franc pieces he could collect from the other banks and forwarded them to the Banque Centrale. A few weeks ago he paid in the sum of 60,000 francs, which had to be conveyed on a wagon hired for the purpose, and which took a couple of tellers ever so long to count.—*Etoile Belge.*

LIFE OR DEATH!

When the Hungry Ask for Bread, Shall They Receive a Stone?

When the Sick Seek a Cure, Will They be Given a Medicine to Increase Their Sufferings?

Beware of the Recommendation, "Just as Good!"

Paine's Celery Compound, the World's Great Healer and Life Giver!

When a child asks his father for bread, will he receive a stone? When a poor and famishing mortal asks for food to appease the gnawing pangs of hunger, will he be given something that will add to suffering or end his life? Fortunately for the deserving poor of our country, we have very few in our midst who are callous and indifferent to want, famine and distress. When the hungry ask to be filled, there is always a noble and honest response that is creditable to all classes of our population.

Notwithstanding the fact that our people are charitably disposed and ever ready to relieve poverty, we regret to say that there are men in our midst—business men, too—who do not hesitate to take advantage of men and women who are brought low by disease and suffering, and whose lives are in peril.

These business men (we thank Heaven they

are few in number) wilfully and deliberately withhold from the sick and afflicted the only remedy that can meet their cases and give a new life; and will take the money of their victims for medicines they recommend because of the immense profits they make, never taking a thought for the precious life of the buyer, or caring whether pain and suffering is even alleviated for one short hour.

This unbusiness-like, unmanly and unworthy policy is followed by some dealers when Paine's Celery Compound is plainly and distinctly asked for. This dishonest practice of substituting—recommending—something just as good is carried on because Paine's Celery Compound does not pay as large a profit as inferior and worthless preparations.

When the sufferer goes or sends to such selfish and profit-loving dealers for Paine's Celery Compound (a medicine which is as necessary for the cure of disease as is bread for the appeasing of hunger), he is met with the remark, "I have something else just as good," and the buyer is often induced to take a decoction that adds to an already heavy burden of misery and suffering.

It is well that our Canadian people should know that there is nothing in this world as good as Paine's Celery Compound; nothing else can cope effectively with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, indigestion, impure blood, headache, and all the troubles that are making men and women weak, nervous and sleepless.

Any honest and straightforward dealer will supply you with earth's best medicine; they will never try to force you to take something else that would give them larger profits. Go, therefore, for Paine's Celery Compound to the man who has a regard for your judgment and your necessities; he will gladly and willingly give what you ask for.

In the past many have traded on the reputation and wonderful success of Paine's Celery Compound, by putting up mixtures to take the place of the genuine article. All such attempts are made to deceive and draw profits that can never be made when Paine's Celery Compound is sold.

Look well to the cartoon and bottle; see that the word "Paine's" and the "Stalk of Celery" appear on what you purchase. To the sick and suffering this important matter means life or death.

Wraps and Gowns.

A TOUCH of luxury is ever attendant upon the really handsome opera cloak. It is a distinct and elegant garment, marking the woman of means and savoir vivre, and its richness may be imperial without remonstrance. It, like charity, covers a multitude of sins and shortcomings in whatever garments it hides from critical comment, and shields the wearer from many a sly draught of winter wind, which might be her passport into the land of invalidism and even further. For a tall woman I have selected a sweeping model of palest heliotrope silk, brocaded in blue and gold, very stately and extremely chic. The lining is of a pale blue and the border of Mongolian fur. Other tints and other furs give fine effects, but this one is *par excellence* a beautiful garment.

A long cloak of cream-white cloth, with triple capes edged with sable, is pretty for a youthful woman; and a black velvet, with puffings under the edge of soft white chiffon and a perfectly enormous bow of chiffon under the chin, was quite enchanting on a fair-haired,



pink-cheeked demoiselle. The artist has preferred a short wrap of gray-blue satin brocaded in gold, with ermine bordering the shoulders, frill and collar. An opera cloak should be costly—cheap material is an insult. By the way, there is a sort of goods used for very dainty upholstery that would make something exquisite in these garments.

The fancy for separate waists for the house continues, and they are now made of velvet, rich and warm-looking, to be worn during the winter with a woolen skirt, requiring merely a coat or cape to transform the gown into a street costume. Pale yellow or turquoise-blue velvet blouses with sleeves of Liberty satin and ruffles edged with black purling, are made to wear with brown or black cloth skirts. French dressmakers use ribbed velvet like corduroy in dark, warm red or in olive green, or else pale Nile green, for beautiful waists to go with various skirts. These are made over a whale-boned silk lining with ends going inside the skirt belt. The back form is one broad box pleat, two inches and a half wide at the top, tapering to an inch at the belt. The sides come down from the shoulders in a narrow fold, and there is an under-arm form that extends far toward the front. The very full front hooks down the middle and is gathered below the throat slightly and held in two pleats on each shoulder, then gathered across in three tucks, each half an inch deep, from one armhole to the other, quite low down, and the ends are drawn down in four lapped pleats inside the belt. A soft, high bias stock of velvet outside a stiff silk collar band hooks in the back under two meeting frills. A white Mechlin lace cravat, very short and full, is made of half a yard

of lace with each end sewed to the right side of the waist, the upper part gathered and caught up slightly. Moderately large gigot sleeves are fastened at the wrist by three little buttons of the velvet over wooden moulds, and loops of cord.

White velvet is one of the fabrics used this season for bolero jackets, plastrons, and vests. The little jackets are especially stylish when beaded with jet and spangled with steel, then narrowly edged with black fur. These give



the stylish white touch to black dresses of satin or moire. Printed blossoms in colors are on other white velvets used for the fronts of wool or silk basques, and are very effective in small prim designs of tiny asters, chrysanthemums, or zinnias.

China silks and moires with flower designs come in quaint colored grounds, tea-green, turquoise-blue, or reddish-purple, strewn with rolls of natural hues. Very young ladies wear these at the theater, made with a long basque almost to the knee, and a full skirt with godet-pleats, without other trimming than some rich white lace as epaulettes or a collarette. A chaperon in the same box wears a black satin gown with short belted basque, the belt and cuffs of jet, while from throat to shoulders is covered with a deep collar of rich Venise guipure lace. A pretty capote of white lace has black wings and a jet aigrette, and the gloves are white, stitched with black. Violets are the flowers worn alike by young ladies and their chaperons, and by men who are in evening dresses.

LA MODE.

Wanted Things Brought to a Climax. "Have you been reading the serial, The Scout of the Sierras, that is running in my paper?"

"Yes, I am very much interested in it. Who is the author?"

"I am the author."

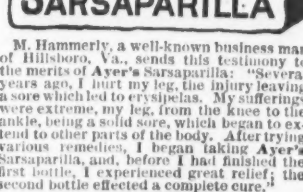
"You are, eh? Well, I want to tell you right now that unless the hard-hearted adventurer comes to grief and the brave scout rescues and marries the captive maiden pretty soon, I'll stop my paper."

Hotel Clerk.—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?

Barney (new boy).—Yes, sorr; but it's so afeared to thrust him Oi was, sorr, I blowed it out meself, sorr.—*Judge.*

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her."

"You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed."—*N. Y. Press.*



AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg, from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

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Will enable every Lady to have a Perfect Fitting Bodice for any length of time. THEY POSSESS TWO PROMINENT ADVANTAGES. FIRST. The lengthened base keeps the dress from wrinkling. SECOND. The curve made just at the back of the hook effectually prevents any part of the dress becoming unfastened. Within a few months nearly every intelligent lady in Canada and the U. S. will be using Prym's Patent Reform Hooks and Eyes.

OLD STYLE Bodice with old-fashioned Hooks and Eyes after four weeks' use only. Showing the giving and pulling of the dress material where hooks and eyes are sewn on, gaps and creases all over, producing an imperfect fit. Can be had of all Dry Goods Merchants and Dressmakers.

NEW STYLE Bodice with Prym's Patent Reform Hooks and Eyes after more than six months' use. All still perfect. The dress material caught in all parts by the lengthened loops. Equal tension in all parts. When next you are shopping please ask to see them.

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We Repeat: Don't delay, but make your selections at once from our new importations before our annual rush.

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MA

author of

She turned resolutely. "Now, Jennifer, all you know me the story. And about ing up. "She you know promised her they were set was lost in the was nobody "for uncle was maybe he was Marjory's h side in a fier silence. The passion only; how grateful a much needed of the woman the life-belt, and loves an Archie had b tolerable pang his conduct a first time she fish, how call At that mom have almost s seeking to t But he was t the first mom passed over sh task of saving questioned Jen of her uncle's p "I only know Mr. Severne," never thinking he was in the s put two and tw neither did I. gan to talk abo of things—as he time I think t "You must Marjory," ever be home soon I if he is in Lon him to stay the Marjory's che what Felix had blame herself Archie's stayin return. What she believed t night, for he h of course, it wa go up to Londo ensure that he b be better and fa self warm up path. In Londo at Redwood, o Strong might b moment, he w danger. She sought o trains. Unfortu trains to London and Marjory kne the station migh would not reach Archie had mad that night, nee of time to delay bi of little more t plenty of tim get her commun sat down again further as to h her. "My husband she said at last, him by letters self for London t tell him all that back also in a d to devise some v der restraint. "But he is n Uncle Jerry into Jenny, her eyes p "It seems to answered in a c decide that bette she said to her will be called a then Archie will she was thinki notice how Jen shocked an expre eyes. But she d risen, and was n door. Where are y a great deal to her voice, "that ing Uncle Jerry t to save Mr. Seve don't think of it. Severne, and it's shall I do if Unc all through me?" "My dear child understand. I ar poor uncle, and treated; but you derer, as you la would not have c "Oh no, no!" "And if being which is what I arant—would r desire to kill the not be better?" "But if he wer come out again him! And he w he has been ver I was a long tim or Marjory could be "shut up in a seemed indeed that she should be was almost more Marjory was afra house, lest by some indiscre him a notion of th vited the girl to being by this time news and tears, co last she was calm ber, and Marjory supper with a m although her heart But she was brouse colored an orange colored th the harbingers of the very lips as sh "For, madam, hand-maiden. "I master ain't comin "Why is it so la "The boy broug says it came jus there's an overcha garrulous Marthi ling, 'ma'am!" "Yes, certainly, after, as she tore folded its pink on as she had expecte "Shall come hor 8.30. "Walk from l She could not t frst. Then she t table, which expla There was no tra

MARJORY'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacob's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret," "Under False Pretences," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XLIX.

She turned and faced Jenny Chadwick resolutely. "Now, Jenny," she said, "you must tell me all you know. My husband has himself told me the story about the shipwreck."

"And about poor Mary?" said Jenny, looking up. "She was going out with her father, you know, ma'am; and as she was her promised husband—was to follow her when they were settled in a few months. But she was lost in the shipwreck; though I daresay it was nobody's fault," she added wistfully, "for uncle was always given to fancies, and maybe he was quite wrong in what he thought. Marjory's hands clenched themselves at her side in a fierce impulse to strike the girl to silence. The fierceness came from pain and passion only; next moment she told herself how grateful she ought to be to this bearer of a much-needed warning. But when she heard of the woman from whom Archie had taken the life-belt, as a living entity, with interests and loves and prospects as dear to her as Archie's had been to him, she felt an almost intolerable pang of anguish. Every detail made his conduct appear the worse. For almost the first time she realized what he was—how selfish, how callous, how treacherous and base! At that moment she hated him, and could have almost said that Jerry Strong was right in seeking to take his life.

But he was her husband after all; and when the first moments of fierce condemnation had passed over her she bent all her energies to the task of saving him. For that purpose she questioned Jenny closely as to what she knew of her uncle's purposes.

"I only know that he asked me a lot about Mr. Severne," said Jenny, "and I told him, never thinking as it would do any harm, that he was in the shipwreck, and so on. He didn't put two and two together for ever so long; and neither did I. But at last he saw, and he began to talk about vengeance and all that sort of thing—as he's often done before; only this time I think it was more with a meaning."

"You must tell me exactly—exactly," said Marjory, "everything he said."

"Yes, ma'am; but Mr. Severne—won't he be home soon? You'll excuse my asking; but if he is in London and you could telegraph to him to stay there."

Marjory's cheek whitened. She began to see what Felix had meant by his telegram, and to blame herself for not having insisted upon Archie's staying in London until the Squire's return. What should she do now? Certainly she believed that she would not come that night, for he had an engagement in town; but, of course, it was possible. She was inclined to go up to London herself, and, by seeing him, ensure that he should remain there; it would be better and far more certain if she could herself warn him of the dangers that beset his path. In London he was comparatively safe; at Redwood, or in Southminster, where Jerry Strong might be lying in wait for him at any moment, he would, most undeniably, be in danger.

She sought out a time-table and studied the trains. Unfortunately there were not many trains to London at that hour in the evening, and Marjory knew that she could not get down to the station much before eight. The next train would not reach London till after ten; and if Archie had made up his mind to return home that night she could not possibly reach him in time to delay his start. A telegram would be of little more use than a letter. There would be plenty of time to write, so that he should get her communication next morning. So she sat down again calmly and questioned Jenny further as to her uncle's threats.

"My husband will not come home to-night," she said at last, "and I would rather not alarm him by letters or telegrams. I will start myself for London to-morrow morning, and I will tell him all that you tell me. Mr. Hyde will be back also in a day or two; and he will be able to devise some way of keeping your uncle under restraint."

"But he is not mad; you would not put Uncle Jerry into a madhouse, would you?" said Jenny, her eyes grown large with fear.

"It seems to me that he is mad," Marjory answered in a clear, cold tone. "Doctors can decide that better than we can. But, surely, she said to herself, rather than that the girl had been called a case of homicidal mania, and then Archie will be safe."

She was thinking so deeply that she did not notice how Jenny's color changed, and how shocked an expression had stolen into her blue eyes. But she did see at last that the girl had risen, and was making her way slowly to the door.

"Where are you going, Jenny? I have still a great deal to hear," said Jenny, with a sob in her voice, "that I should be the means of saving Mr. Severne—for your sake. But you don't think of me; you only think of Mr. Severne, and it's quite natural, too; but what shall I do if Uncle Jerry is put into an asylum all through me?"

"My dear child," said Marjory, "you don't understand. I am very sorry indeed for your poor uncle, and think he has been cruelly treated; but you don't want him to be a murderer, do you? You know you don't, or you would not have come to me to-night."

"Oh no, no!"

"And if he were put under a doctor's care—which is what I meant when I spoke of restraint—would make him give up his terrible desire to kill the man whom he hates, would it not be better?"

"But if he were shut up and could never come out again, it would be so dreadful for him! And he would never forgive me! And he has been very kind—very kind—to me."

It was a long time before her tears were dried or Marjory could overcome her scruples. To shut up a man in a madhouse, as she expressed it, seemed indeed a terrible fate to her; and that she should bring it upon her uncle's head was almost more than she knew how to bear. Marjory was afraid to let her go out of the house, lest she should meet her uncle, and by some indiscreet word of warning convey to him a notion of the truth. She therefore invited the girl to stay all night; and Jenny, being by this time nearly worn out with weariness and tears, consented to do so. When at last she was calmer, a meal was prepared for her, and Marjory sat down to her own frugal supper with her mind comparatively at ease, although her heart was heavier than lead.

But she was soon disturbed. Her maid brought in upon a tray one of the well known orange-colored envelopes, which are so often harbingers of woe. Marjory turned pale to the very lips as she took it from the servant.

"Lord, madam, don't be frightened," said her hand-maid. "I daresay it's just to say that master ain't coming home to-night."

"Why is it so late?" asked Mrs. Severne.

"The boy brought it from Southminster, and says it came just before the office closed; and there's an overcharge for bringing it," said the garrulous Martha. "Shall I give him a shilling, ma'am?"

"Yes, certainly," said Marjory, in an absent tone, as she tore open the envelope and unfolded its pink enclosure. The message was, as she had expected, from her husband.

"Shall come home to-night by train leaving 8.30. Walk from Heath."

She could not understand the message at first. Then she thought of looking at the time-table, which explained matters to some extent. There was no train from London to South-

minster at that hour, but there was one which went as far as Minister Heath, a station nearer to Redwood than Southminster, but little used on account of the infrequency and slowness of the trains. Archie had probably missed the appointment for which he had remained in London, had then felt bored and perhaps unwell, and had resolved to come home, even although he would have a three miles' walk across country, after alighting at Minister Heath. Marjory saw it all quite clearly. He would reach Minister Heath at a quarter past ten, and it was now nearly half-past nine. Was it of any use to stop him at the station, or even halfway on his homeward walk? There was a station inn at Minister Heath; he could sleep there and return to London in the morning; surely that would be the safest plan. She had three quarters of an hour in which to walk the three miles to the station. That was not a very difficult thing to do. And if Archie thought that she had been over-anxious—well, they could walk home together, and no harm would be done. But Marjory had a suspicion that he would be only too thankful to be warned.

She was confirmed in her plan by Jenny's anxiety as soon as she had told the girl, in a few hasty words, the state of the case.

"Oh, please stop him! Please do!" she cried, in a tone of agony. "Please send him back to London. Uncle might be waiting for him at the station or anywhere about, and then—then—"

For the first time Marjory looked at her with a shadow of doubt in her heavy eyes.

"If you know," she said, "if you have even any idea where your uncle is, you must tell me at once, or else the guilt will be on your own head."

"But I haven't; indeed I haven't!" cried Jenny piteously. "I don't know anything but what I've told you. I'll swear it if you like. I only want Mr. Severne to be safe—for your sake; and my uncle, too."

"I hope they will be," said Marjory sombrely, as she flung on a hat and cloak.

"Let me go with you," said Jenny, eagerly. "Oh, please, ma'am, let me walk with you across them lonely fields. It is so wistful and queer to be there all by yourself. I can walk as fast as you can, I'll be bound, and I can carry a lantern, too."

"There is no time to wait for a lantern," said Mrs. Severne. "Come, if you like—yes, I shall be glad of your company. And then I shall know—I shall know what you are doing."

There was a strange vengeful light in her eyes as she suddenly grasped Jenny by the arm. Poor Jenny shrank a little, but she did not speak. She realized a little by the force of sympathy, of what Mrs. Severne must be feeling; and she followed her in uncomplaining silence as they passed out of the house and garden into the lonely road.

It was darker than they had thought. There was no moon and the sky was cloudy, but for some distance at least the way lay straight before them, and they could almost have trod it blindfold. For some time Marjory kept her hand upon Jenny's arm, but at last she dropped it with a sigh, and said in a voice that was oddly harsh and constrained:

"If you had a husband, Jenny, you would know what it is to have to fight for him."

Jenny still looked so much of a child that Marjory scarcely expected her to grasp the meaning of the words. But it was with all the fervor of womanhood that she replied:

"If I'm not married, I know what it is. I'd do anything in the world for the man I love."

It seemed to her as if the words were not her own—as if someone else had spoken them by her mouth; but they revealed the truth to her. They even revealed herself. She loved; and her love was returned. After all, she was one of the happy women of the world.

"Who is he?" said Marjory abruptly, as they went on together.

"He's Joe Barbury, ma'am. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak; but he kissed me to-day, and spoke so that I don't think I can mistake his meaning. He was the man that Mary Strong was to have married."

Marjory gave a slight start. "Ah!" she said.

"But he remembers Mary still," said Jenny, conscious of something which she did not altogether understand in Mrs. Severne's tone.

There was a long silence. Marjory forgot to say that she hoped the girl would be happy. She was absorbed in the curious reflection that good comes sometimes out of evil—that loss and grief, and even crime, are not always irreparable. It was a large conclusion to draw from so small a fact.

They had reached the gate which led into the meadows that they would have to traverse. It looked ghastly white in the darkness, and the fields seemed like vast hollows of shadow and gloom. As Marjory put her hand upon the gate she heard the sound of a church bell, and stopped for a second to listen and to count.

"What does this mean?" she said sharply. "That is the half-hour—the half-hour after what? Surely not after ten! It was only just half-past nine when we left the house a quarter of an hour ago."

"Perhaps the church is wrong," suggested Jenny.

"If anything is wrong it must be my clocks. We are either much too early or very late. I am afraid, Jenny, that it is half-past ten."

She was right, as she found afterwards. It was half-past ten o'clock, and the train from London had reached the Minister Heath station a quarter of an hour before. They had still a good half-hour's walk before them—unless they met Archie on the way.

"I shall meet Mr. Severne in the field," said Jenny.

Marjory did not reply. She was full of anxiety and impatience, and she hastened over the ground as fast as her feet could carry her. The fields seemed interminable, the shadows fathomless. At any other moment she would have felt timid, but now there was no room in her heart for fear. She was wholly possessed by the desire of finding her husband and warning him of the danger that lay in store for him.

At last, after what seemed to her an almost endless walk, the light of the station came in sight. There were no signs of activity on the platform or on the line, and they had previously heard the sound of an express train thundering in the distance. Marjory slackened her pace a little as she passed through the wicket gate which led from the fields to the precincts of the railway. There was a slightly puzzled expression upon her face. She could not understand the silence of the place. Was it possible that the London train had not yet arrived? Or, if it had, how was it that Archie had not been met on his homeward walk across the fields?

Jenny followed closely behind her, and the two women walked up and down the platform for some little time. The lights were turned down, and the waiting-room door was locked. By and by a late and sleepy porter loitered out of a side room and looked curiously at the strangers.

"Is the train from London due yet?" asked Mrs. Severne.

"Train from London!" The man stared rapidly. "There hasn't a train from London till to-morrow."

"But—the train that gets in at 10.15," "Bless you, that's been an' gone an hour ago. Why, it's long past eleven now."

"Were you here when it came in?" "Yes, were. There was one passenger for Minister Heath and that was all."

"A gentleman?" "A gentleman. A chap from Southminster, I believe; I've seen him afore. He struck out across the fields."

Marjory's hand involuntarily sought for Jenny's, and Jenny clasped it closely. Both were afraid. "We must go back," Jenny murmured in her ear, but her voice was almost too low to be heard.

"There be somebody a-coming down the line," said the porter, moving away from them. Mechanically enough, they followed; and they saw a man—a signaller or pointsman, they knew not what—advancing hurriedly, with shouts and waving arms. They stopped to hear him speak.

"There's been an accident—a murder done, a few hundred yards down the line," he said. "There's two men dead or dying on the rails, and one man's got the other by the throat. If ever I saw murder I should say that I'd seen it now."

And neither Marjory Severne nor Jenny Chadwick doubted for an instant that Jeremiah Strong had met his enemy face to face, and that Archie had paid his debt.

(To be Continued.)

An Owen Sound Miracle.

The Remarkable Experience of Mr. William Belrose.

Atacked by Malarial Fever, followed by Paralytic Paralysis—Physicians said They Could do Nothing for Him—The Means of Cure Discovered Through Reading a Newspaper.

From the Owen Sound Times.

The Times has published very frequently the particulars of remarkable cures attributed to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These various articles were credited to newspapers of good standing, and there was no reason to doubt their entire truthfulness, but as we had not happened to come across a striking case ourselves we had given the articles but little thought, and perhaps this may also be the case with some of our readers. A few days ago the opportunity was given us to investigate a case, however, which satisfied us, and will satisfy those who read this, that there is a marvelous efficacy in this now celebrated medicine. It was told us by one of our leading druggists that a well known resident had an experience which fully equalled the wonderful cures of which so much has been published. The citizen referred to was Mr. Wm. Belrose, ship carpenter, who has been a resident of this town since 1866. The Times undertook to get the facts from Mr. Belrose in order to satisfy ourselves. He was working in the shipyard, and when found was welding the heaviest axle on the grounds, shaping the ribs for a big vessel on the stocks. None of the 300 men employed were working harder, nor appeared to be enjoying more vigorous health. In reply to a question Mr. Belrose said: "Yes, sir, I would not be using this big axle if I had not taken Pink Pills. The story as briefly told as possible is this: 'In 1880, after returning from the Pacific coast, Mr. Belrose went to Chicago where he secured employment in the erection of one of the Phil Armour grain elevators. After being in that city for a short time he was taken with a malarial fever. After a week of suffering the people with whom he was staying spoke of taking him to the hospital, but Mr. Belrose objected. A consultation was held and it was decided that instead of going to the hospital—a place he dreaded—he would take the first train home. His ticket was bought and he was placed on the train. He was so sick that the only incident he could remember in the whole 600 miles' trip was the changing of cars at some junction. He reached home on August 7th, and at once a well known physician was called in. Recovery was slow and it was not until November that he was able to get out of the house. Then in his weakened condition he took a relapse. Winter wore on; the best physicians were called in but with no avail. There was no improvement. The complications baffled all treatment, and from the hips down a sort of paralysis seized the sufferer and it was impossible to keep the lower extremities warm. The bed covers were increased, but proved of no consequence, so far as the warmth of the patient was concerned. As a last resort a pair of heavy leather puttees were procured and pulled over the cold feet. But the artificial warmth failed to do what nature could not for some reason accomplish. At last the doctors decided that nothing more could be done, and soothing draughts were administered to ease the pain. Finally the electric battery, and this treatment, though relieving, served only to make the pain more intense when discontinued. It happened during this treatment, however, that one of the visitors brought in, wrapped around a parcel, a paper giving an account of a cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After reading the article the sick man determined to give them a trial. Before a box was gone the good effects were noticed; the second box brought still further improvement. A third, fourth, fifth and sixth were taken, the end of each only completing a milestone on the sure road to complete recovery. Twenty boxes were taken in all, but the end fully justified the expenditure, for as Mr. Belrose put it, 'I feel better and younger than I have felt for years. I eat heartily, I sleep sound and I can do day's work alongside of anybody.' Dr. Williams' Pink Pills under Providence did it all. Pink Pills should be kept in every house. Since they cured me I have recommended them to my friends everywhere, and I shall continue to recommend them."

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous headache, the after effects of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, &c. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and bloodless cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by Dr. J. C. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and sold only in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.

"George," said Mrs. Cawker to her husband, "why did you ask Carrie what she wanted for a Christmas present, and when she replied that she wanted a seal-skin glove, why did you go off and get her a cheap glove buttoner?"

"Well, my dear," replied Mr. Cawker, "the essential thing about a Christmas gift is that it shall be a complete surprise."—Bazar.

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English Opinion

A writer in *Herald's* London, England, *Railway and Commercial Journal*, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

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After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

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Jess.—Did you know there was an antenuptial agreement between Mr. and Mrs. Sliverson?

Bess.—No; but I'm not surprised. If they ever agreed about anything it must have been before they were married.—Kate Field's Washington.

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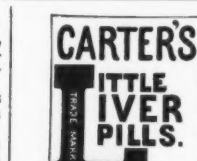
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ACHE they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to

Music.

IN no branch of musical education has so radical a change been effected during recent years as in the department of pianoforte instruction. The improvement in public taste in this respect has been quite remarkable, and the rapidly increasing demands for methods based upon artistic principles furnish one of the most hopeful signs of the times. This is due in part to the influence of thoroughly equipped teachers now in the field, and also in no small measure to the growing intelligence of the people, whose improving sense of discrimination is a most encouraging indication of true musical progress in this country. It is being recognized that a pianist's education should consist of thoroughly consistent and modern technical instruction, supported by a proper conception of the beautiful in music, with all that may imply as regards expression, phrasing and general interpretation. It is no longer considered an honor to have a pupil's name associated with some pretentious composition, such as a concerto or some other advanced work, who has not mastered the rudiments of the acquisition of an artistic and musical touch. The comparative artistic merits of a poor performance of a high-sounding work and a musical performance of a more modest composition are gradually being estimated at their proper value. It is decidedly more artistic, for instance, for a pupil to play a cradle-song well than to scramble through a concerto. There is infinitely more art in a part-song well rendered than in an oratorio murdered. It is also more creditable to sing a simple ballad effectively than to "execute" an elaborate aria. In short, it is well to learn to accomplish a small thing satisfactorily before essaying a large task, for upon a good foundation it will be an easy matter to build a strong and lasting structure. It is a worthy ambition which aims at the highest type of the art in whatever sphere and strives nobly to attain to Parnassus, but the mere pretense of teaching or playing works of the most exacting character without first having systematically laid the substructure of a thorough technical and musical culture, is certain to result in disaster. Some of the public efforts of insufficiently prepared pupils of incompetent masters in wrestling with compositions, the identity of which in some cases could hardly be suspected but for the printed name of the work on the programme, go far to prove that the radical change now noticeable in methods of pianoforte instruction is the outcome of a general dissatisfaction with systems which produce such lamentable results.

My comments in last week's issue concerning the imposition practiced upon vocal pupils by teachers who cannot honestly claim even a superficial knowledge of the science of their art, have elicited from several of our leading vocal specialists hearty words of commendation. It is clear from the personal remarks addressed to me by teachers in this important branch of instruction, as also from the contents of several letters since received from prominent voice trainers, that the subject is one which deserves attention at the hands of the profession. It is but natural, perhaps, that so-called vocal teachers who have no method of any kind, or, in other words, whose system of teaching is of the happy-go-lucky character which knows nothing of cause and effect, should sneer at the systematic means employed by successful instructors in artistically cultivating and developing the tones of the human voice. Some amusement has been created among local vocal instructors by the publication of a paragraph in a contemporary defending the aimless methods of incompetents in the sphere of vocal "culture." The writer of the paragraph, who with characteristic courage borrows the *nom de plume* of another writer, pretends, for obvious reasons, to find little merit in the possession of any special knowledge concerning the technique of their art on the part of instructors. The impartial and independent attitude of this journal in fearlessly denouncing humbug in whatever branch of the profession it may exist is, I am pleased to know, meeting with the hearty approval of the better class of musicians in all parts of the province, gratifying evidence of which is continually being received. That such a course should cause restiveness in some quarters is not to be wondered at, nor need one be surprised at the various schemes which from time to time are concocted to stifle honest expression of opinion which should tend to educate the public to guard against imposition of any kind.

At periodical intervals the musical critics of Toronto are "reviewed" and criticized by certain self-constituted inspectors. The review sometimes partakes of the character of a public denunciation, fierce and bloodthirsty while it lasts, while at other times it aims to be more gentle, yet always full of wise admonition. The absurd and transparent charge is now being made against a local critic who, by the way, is a professional musician, and who, to my certain knowledge, has always consistently avoided critical reference to his own name, that any references to his work by other writers on the same journal are influenced and "controlled" by him, etc! The idea of actually controlling an important newspaper is sufficiently exciting to unnervé almost any critic, but so far as I am aware any special mention of the criticized critic's musical work which has appeared in the journal in question certainly was no more favorable than the press reports generally, and was specially arranged for under the supervision of the managing editor and written by an outsider. We may next expect to hear that some of our local critics own the papers upon which they are engaged in a subordinate position. The self-elected reviewers of our critics owe more to the kindness and consideration of the writers upon musical topics in our local papers than they would find it easy to calculate. No honest musician will fear a mild statement of truth concerning his efforts. The continual peppy protests which have become a feature of musical life in Toronto are fortunately confined to such as can least afford frank and impartial comment.

Mr. William George Pearce, who accom-

panied Mons. Alex. Guilman on his recent tour through the United States and Canada, has written an interesting account of his Canadian experiences with the great French organist, to a Boston contemporary, *The Organ*. Mr. Pearce makes several happy allusions to his brief stay in Hamilton and Toronto, and enlarges upon the profound impression received in Montreal by M. Guilman's performances upon the organs of Notre Dame and St. Peter's, the former of which is pronounced to be the finest organ in America, and one, "which, as it now stands, will perhaps rival any instrument ever erected." It is hoped that the movement on foot to supply Massey Music Hall with an organ worthy of it and Toronto will be successfully carried out. The plans now being prepared by Messrs. Warren and Son, if adopted, will furnish this city with an instrument of which the citizens may feel proud, the existence of which would do more to popularize organ music in this province than any other agency that could be mentioned.

The statement that Wagner's works lack in melody is thus referred to in a recent issue of the *London Musical Times*: "There are no doubt still some people left who repeat the old parrot cry that there is no melody in Wagner's music. For them even the Meistersinger, with its incomparable wealth of the most entrancing melody, has no charm, and we daresay never will have. Referring to this glorious work a German critic, Herr H. Goering, used a happy simile when criticizing the recent first performance of Ignaz Brull's opera *Check to the King*, which is said to contain numerous reminiscences of the Meistersinger. As the Colosseum in Rome served for centuries as a quarry, so in these days Wagner's works seem destined to become an inexhaustible mine for the coming generation of operatic composers. Fortunately the original work will thereby suffer no harm; on the contrary, this exploitation will be to its advantage, because many will no doubt only thus become aware how much melody it contains."

Miss Norma Reynolds and Master Eddie Reburn have returned to the city after a most successful trip to New York. While in the metropolis Master Reburn sang in the Church of the Holy Apostle on Dec. 31, receiving a very flattering invitation to sing again on the following Sunday. His beautiful and well trained voice and modest manners were generally commented on. Master Reburn also sang at the Masonic Hall on Dec. 29, for the Old Guard. The veterans were delighted with his singing, concerning which the *New York Sunday Advertiser* comments as follows: "Master Reburn's song, *Only Tired*, by White, was followed by several others. Master Eddie has a fine soprano voice of sweet and flexible volume. He has been starting in Chicago, Buffalo and other cities. The veterans were delighted with the young soloist. Master Reburn also sang with much success at a reception on New Year's Day at Mr. W. J. McDonald's."

The directors of the Belleville Philharmonic Society, Mrs. Eva Rose York, writes me that a change has been decided upon since the forecast of this society's work for this season was published in SATURDAY NIGHT. The first concert of the society was held some time ago, at which Romberg's *Lay of the Bell* was given with great success. Work has now been begun on McFarren's *May Day and Gaul's Holy City*, which it is expected will be ready for presentation in April or early in May. Mrs. York informs me that the interest in the society continues to increase, the membership of the chorus now numbering about one hundred and twenty.

Miss Louie May, organist of Knox church, St. Catharines, and her sister, Mrs. W. J. Murray, recently tendered their many friends a musical At Home in Banner Hall in that city. An excellent programme of music, etc., was rendered by Miss Chapman and Miss Blake, pianists; Miss Chapman, violinist; Mrs. J. McLive, elocutionist, and Miss May, Mrs. Gilmore, Mr. Kent, Mr. J. E. Jacques of Brantford, and Mr. Campbell, vocalists. The St. Catharines *Evening Star* refers to the occasion as a most delightful event, both musically and socially.

The choir of the Church of the Redeemer repeated its success of last month by a second rendition of Gade's cantata *Christmas Eve*, on Wednesday evening of last week. The singing of the chorus was most satisfactory and highly creditable to Mr. Robinson, choir-master of the church. The soloists also sang with excellent effect throughout, and the good impression created by the two performances of Gade's melodious work has added materially to the reputation enjoyed by Mr. Robinson's choir and his very efficient solo forces.

A pupils' recital of more than ordinary merit was given at the College of Music on Saturday afternoon of last week. Miss Minnie Topping played the piano part of Beethoven's trio in C minor, and Liszt's *Polonaise* in E. Miss Birnie contributed a Schubert Impromptu and Moszkowski's *Valse* in A flat. Gade's sonata, op. 21, for piano and violin, was also given, with Mrs. Lee at the piano. The vocalists were Miss May Taylor and Miss May Flowers. The string parts in the concerted work were played by Herr Klingensfeld (violin) and Herr Ruth (cello).

Mr. W. H. Hewlett's second organ recital for this season, which was held in St. Luke's church on Saturday afternoon, was largely attended by an audience which included a number of our most prominent church organists. Mr. Hewlett played a representative and attractive programme of organ music, embracing works of the leading schools of composition for the King of Instruments. Valuable assistance was rendered by Mrs. Caldwell, the popular soprano, who sang in admirable style Costa's *I Will Extol Thee* and Adams' *Christmas Song*.

I have received from Signor Giuseppe Dinelli a new composition for pianoforte from his pen, recently published by the well known London house of Forsyth Brothers. In this work, *Minuet* in G, Signor Dinelli proves his musicianship in an admirable manner. The movement is thoroughly characteristic, being

at the same time melodious and eminently dignified and scholarly in its development. The piece, which is moderately difficult, can be obtained at any music store.

I am informed by the *Winnipeg Tribune* that the opposition to Mr. Henneberg in that city is confined to a few cranks and not to reputable musicians. I am pleased to learn this, as nothing is more discreditable to the profession than the malignant persecution of new-comers by sore-heads, whose contemptible tactics in some localities deserve the general condemnation which I am gratified to know they receive in Toronto.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp's pianoforte recital on Monday evening next promises to be an unusually interesting event. The pianist will be assisted by Miss Nora Clench, violinist, and Signor Delasco, basso. The Beethoven Kreutzer Sonata, for violin and piano, a work but too seldom heard in this country, will be among the numbers to be given. Signor Delasco will sing Mr. Tripp's new nautical song, *The Salt Sea Foam*.

Mr. H. Guest Collins, formerly organist of All Saints' church, Toronto, has been appointed organist of St. David's church, Austin, Texas, and director of the University Glee Club of that city.

The enterprising publishing house of Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. have issued a number of new works which promise to become popular favorites. A song for contralto by Miss Annie Carter, entitled *Through All the Years*, is a tuneful and clever little composition which should enjoy a large sale. A reverie for piano entitled *A Vanished Dream*, by the well known Canadian composer, F. J. Hutton, is a work of more than usual merit and will appeal to all classes of musicians, being melodious and musically and not too difficult. A dance movement by the genial Chas. Bohner entitled *Dance Hilarity*, is what its name implies, being of a lively and exhilarating character, with plenty of snap and a pronounced polka step.

Minister—You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask who it is?
Miss Beaulieu—It's young Mr. Bondclipper.
Minister—Indeed! I did not know that he had any bad habits.
Miss Beaulieu—Yes, his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly.—*New York Weekly*.

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Several articles by Mr. Gouin, in the *Review of the Review*, show how highly this method is appreciated by educationalists in Europe as the most modern and perfect system of acquiring a foreign language.

The Toronto second annual January 25, 1894, which ever they have Montreal and sing at Lady whom they re commendation of our best front page of is an organiza is proud, and pride by comi 25th. These in providing excellence tette will be programme, a A. L. Guille, o the greatest n be heard in Fou tette from Rig known in Tor Patti and Eam created a sense a leading part Tell last June through illness a great disappo coming is haile cles. Mr. J. D Spring Quart our best know S.ignor J. D'Aur Another th great energy an an excellent p crowded house Nordheimer's fo Monday for the

Soci

Mr. and Mrs. recently come to house at 625 Ont

A new-fashio loned, tea party Madison avenue three o'clock, and come provided w to "tombouring it. About a sco who arrived in d at quartette had thoroughly enjo music kept time the afternoon.

Mrs. Worthins on Monday.

Col. and Mrs. dinner on Thurs Villa.

Mrs. Grace gav home on Madis noon. In spite of cotrie assembled contrast between air and the coys was aided in her Porteous and Ro we shall miss s Mackenzie and dresses, were mo attendees in the buffet was arrang were evoked by table-cloth and catch the observ keepers. Among Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Misses Thompson Mrs. H. Hilton, Mrs. Mrs. H. Thomps Bosworth, Mrs. C Winstanley, the Alice Milligan, M many others.

Another large event will take month, and the bandsome residen front.

Mrs. Read of St Thursday afternoon

Mrs. Patterson's was one of the mo A feature of the af of gentlemen pres ury whistle-love Linsmair and Mr and the young pe ring with merry la is the fashion of th this and every oth Miss Rowan of W dougall, Miss Ro Lampert, Miss J Edith Macdonald, Ciemow, Miss Hol F. Patterson, Mis Miss Mockridge, M Misses C. and V. L

I have been mu pilgrimages north dition of Avenue r the smartest equi good many trips in something be done of mud or a horri ridges when the nency of iron!

Mrs. J. Kerr Ost Saturday afternoon company, who unf on account of beln until a late hour and Mrs. Cecil G Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Bunting, M dan, Miss Gertrude Miss Meredith of Messrs. Bunting, C Beardmore, and M company.

Social and Personal.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 10, an assembly was given by the Bachelors of Tweed in the spacious and handsome hall of Mr. G. W. Detlor, the leading merchant of that place. Miss McCann, in a handsome black silk gown trimmed with lace and gold ornaments, and Miss Bowell, niece of the Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, in a becoming *crème* silk with lace and roses, received, and made all feel welcome by their gracious and kindly manner. They were assisted by Mr. G. W. Detlor and Mr. W. J. Taylor, publisher and editor of the *Tweed News*, who saw that every one's wants were attended to. A number of the beauty and fashion of Madoc were present, among whom were Miss Coe, who looked very charming in a rich pink satin with velvet trimming; Mrs. Aylesworth, Miss Bass, Mrs. George Brown, Mrs. Bass, Miss Maybee, Mrs. Weiss, and Miss Frankie Bass, the youngest daughter of the merry number, whose charming appearance in her cream nun's-veiling with pale blue trimming was spoken of by many. From Tweed many were present, who looked very attractive and whose costumes were very becoming. The following were noticed among the number: Mrs. R. S. Richardson, Mrs. Jas. Finley, Jr., Misses M. McCann, Graham, A. Porter, B. May, Robinson, Houston, M. Houston, Canniff, Stella McCann and Wilson, also Mrs. P. C. Clairmont, Miss McCabe of Trenton, Miss Quayle of St. Mary's and Miss Smith of Kingston, and many others. Among the gentlemen from a distance were: Messrs. Ed. Crass, K. Stewart, Ed. Brough, Chas. Tumelty and Lou Weiss of Madoc, Dr. Rutton of Toronto, and R. N. Porter of Detroit, and several others who helped materially in making the evening a success. The hall was splendidly arranged and a not too lengthy programme of dances was greatly enjoyed to the enticing strains of Prof. Chalaupka's orchestra of Belleville, while several cosy nooks were liberally patronized by those who preferred the pleasures of a *tele-a-tele* to the delights of the terpsichorean art.

Lodge St. Albans, No. 76, S. O. E., held its first meeting this year on Friday evening of last week, in St. George's Hall, Elm street, every available seat in the room being occupied. It being installation night, P.S.G.P. Bro. R. Evans, acted as installing officer, assisted by Supreme Secretary Bro. Carter and Bro. Barker, P.D.D. Among the visitors were: Bros. E. Cashmore, D.D. (East Toronto); Lomnitz, W.P., Birmingham; Clatworthy, W.P., Cheltenham; Young, P.P., Mercantile; Howell, P.P., Avondale. At the close of a most interesting session a vote of condolence was passed, expressive of heartfelt sympathy with Bro. E. M. Horswell (retiring president) and Bro. J. H. Horswell, P.P., in the great loss they have sustained by the death of their beloved mother. The installing officer then presented Br. E. M. Horswell with a P.P. jewel as a token of the Lodge's appreciation of his faithful and energetic services during the past year, in response to which Bro. Horswell made a very feeling reply. Addresses were also delivered by the installing officer upon the past and future success of the Lodge, and kind words of reference were made to the departed brother, R. Caddick, P.S.G.P., and words of encouragement were also expressed by Supreme Secretary Bro. Carter. After the closing of the Lodge an adjournment was made to the dining-room where a most *recherche* supper had been prepared, to which one hundred and forty-two visitors and brethren did right royal justice. After supper a return was made to the lodge room, where President Lear had another surprise in store by his preparation of a lengthy and talented programme, which was carried out to the letter until two a.m. Among the artists who deserve special mention were: Mr. Scott, ventriloquism and legerdemain performances; comic songs in character by Mr. E. B. Pigott and Bro. Finch; mandolin solos, Mr. Fletcher; recitations by Bro. Tom M. White, Bro. Captain Andrews and Mr. Will Norris; concertina selections by Bro. Watts and sentimental songs by Mr. Chas. Walter. Special mention should be made of that talented young pianist, Mr. Will Harrison, to whom in a great measure the success of the evening was due.

Mrs. Langmuir of Tyndall avenue entertained a few friends at dinner on Friday evening, to meet Mr. H. Bloodgood, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir.

Mrs. Eber Ward gave a small dinner on Wednesday of last week, at which Mr. Bloodgood was also the guest of honor.

Miss Nordheimer is convalescent, after a rather severe attack of la grippe. She received with her mother on Friday last, in a sweetly pretty white cloth gown touched with gold.

On Tuesday evening, January 9, the hospitable doors of Lynhurst, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Plummer, were thrown open to about seventy guests, who assembled in various gay and fanciful costumes and enjoyed one of the most delightful dances ever given in Sault Ste. Marie. The Italian harpers from the Sault, Michigan, were heard at their best. The floor was, as usual, all that could be desired, and a dainty supper was served at the usual hour. The variety of pretty and original costumes was a surprise to all, the gentlemen especially deserving great credit for their "get-ups." Cynical Mephistopheles waltzed gaily with a *chic* milk-maid; the clanzon of Columbus's sword mingled with the bells of Folly; a summer dude and a dainty Watteau, oblivious of congruity, promenaded in company. Peasants, cavaliers, soldiers, etc., clad in every conceivable color, lent a brightness and picturesque to the scene which will be long remembered by all who were so fortunate as to be spectators of the pretty sight. The hostess herself was not in costume, but wore a handsome gown of black lace over pale blue. Mrs. Abbot looked well as Night, in black tulle and stars; Miss Burden wore a fanciful Watteau costume and was *poudre*; Miss Jessie Burden, made a capital milk-maid and carried a bright tin pail; Miss Beach, as a Court Lady, wore a becoming gown of black and orange; Mrs. P. C. Campbell made a most successful Martha Washington; Mrs. Cozens was a pink rose and wore pink and green, the bodice being green, tapering off into long petals over pink.

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tulle: Miss Evans appeared as Marguerite; Miss Farwell, as Folly; Mrs. Hurst, a lady of the Flowery Kingdom; Miss Lee looked well in pink with powdered hair; Miss Marks of Bruce Mines wore scarlet and was *poudre*, as was Miss Kate Marks, who was becomingly gowned in white and yellow; Mrs. McGregor wore a pretty costume representing a German peasant; Mrs. H. Plummer was in black silk and appeared as Night; Miss Simpson was costumed as a Flower Girl; Miss Sullivan, in white, with pink and green draperies, was a Greek; Miss K. Sullivan wore cream and straw-colored satin and represented a French Marquise; Miss Towers as Pierrette wore a pretty dress of white and orange, and Miss Nora Towers was dressed as an Albanian. Of the gentlemen, Dr. Bradley as Columbus and Mr. Stevens as an Admiral were especially good, while several uniforms, worn by Messrs. Crawford, Campbell, McGregor and Purdy, gave place to the usual evening dress; Mr. Birmingham made an excellent, if alarming, Turk; Mr. Bartlette wore Windsor uniform; Mr. Arthur Crawford was well gotten up as a Venetian gondolier; Mr. DeJex wore the costume of a Matador; Mr. Foote appeared as a Cavalier; Judge Johnson wore tennis costume; Mr. Lion as Mephisto was much admired; Mr. Morrow wore riding costume, top hat, etc.; Mr. Algoma Simpson created much mirth in his role of a summer dude; Mr. Nelson Simpson wore a sailor costume; Mr. Tom Towers was exceedingly good in an Indian uniform; Mr. Wemyss represented William of Orange. Among other guests who were in ordinary evening toilet I noticed: Capt. and Mrs. Burden, Mrs. Curren, Capt. and Mrs. Towers, Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Kehoe, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Harrison of the Sault, Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. Wyde, Miss Ried, also Messrs. Cozens, Farwell, H. Plummer, Hurst, McFadden and Judge Sutton of the Sault, Michigan. During the evening some flash light pictures were taken by Mr. Bermington, and the dance concluded with an old-fashioned Sir Roger.

Mrs. John Macdonald of Oaklands gave an At Home last Saturday afternoon for Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Walton of South Africa. The spacious drawing-rooms were crowded with prominent citizens. Those present were: Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. James, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Kilgour, Rev. and Miss Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, the Misses O'Brien, Miss Blaikie, Mrs. Paul Campbell, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Potts, Mr. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. Gunther, and many others.

Miss Alice Hutchinson of Rose avenue, whose health is greatly improved returned to Whitby on Monday to resume her studies at the Ontario Ladies' College. She was accompanied by Miss Acheson of Goderich, who has been her guest for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sparrow have taken up their residence at No. 27 Macpherson avenue, where Mrs. Sparrow receives her friends on every second and fourth Wednesday.

A delightful tea was given on Friday afternoon by Miss Proudfoot for married ladies. The young people, inspired by the latest additions to their ranks, have had a gala season so far. There have been scores of luncheons, teas, dinners and dances in their honor and for their delight. But now and then, with all their charms, they are *taboo*, and the more advanced ranks of the married take the precedence. Such occasions lose nothing of *verve* and brightness, for it goes without saying that the conversation and *aplomb* of the mar-

REV. ALEX. GILRAY,

College Street Presbyterian Church, writes:

Dear Sir,—
It is with much satisfaction that I learn that you have decided to establish a branch office in Toronto, believing as I do, that the more widely your Acetic Acid remedy is made known, the greater will be the gratitude accorded to you for the relief experienced by many sufferers in Canada. We have used your Acid for over eighteen years, and are now prepared to state that it is worthy of a place in every family. We have found it thoroughly safe and effective and have commended it to many,—for which we have been thanked. We wish you success in your new quarters, as we feel sure your success will bring relief here as it has already done to large numbers in the old land and other countries. Much will depend on the patient and persevering use of the Acid as set forth in your little book.

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Toronto, 28th Nov. 1893.

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ried women surpasses that of the girl. And who cannot select half a dozen of the former, to listen to any one of whom is a "liberal education?"

Miss Maud J. Allan of McCaul and St. Patrick streets entertained about twenty of her friends last Thursday evening. She was assisted in receiving her guests by her sister, Mrs. A. J. Ralston of Hamilton.

The Misses Dougherty gave a very pleasant party on Thursday evening of last week, in honor of their friend Miss Byrne, of Barrie, who is visiting in the city.

A Gigantic Auction Sale

OF THE ENTIRE JEWELRY STOCK OF KENT BROS., Kent Bros., jewelers, and their Indian Clock, have been one of the landmarks of Toronto for over 25 years. The business capacity of the firm has been proved by their success, and the fact that a few years ago they erected what was the finest store of its kind in the city. When the Simpson syndicate bought up all the block at the southwest corner of Queen and Yonge streets, Kent Bros. sold their building among the rest. The firm is accordingly bound to deliver over the property by March 1, and in order to do so they must clear out their entire stock by auction. They have engaged Mr. C. M. Henderson to conduct the sale, and on Thursday, February 1, the auctions will begin, running throughout the entire month, afternoon and evening. Special and most comfortable accommodation will be provided for the ladies.

Now, as to the stock: It consists of diamonds, watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, bronzes and all classes of novelties purchased in the best markets of the world. The sale is to be genuine in every sense of the term, and ladies and gentlemen have only to attend and bid in order to get anything in this magnificent stock at their own figures.

Carnival Week at Quebec.

The ancient capital and historic citadel will at the commencement of next month be in the throes of carnival—gaeties which to Torontonians of the present generation read like fairy tales. No city in Canada has the natural advantages of Quebec, with its ancient streets, buildings and customs, the dim lights of torches, the picturesque customs of the revelers, the falling snow, or the clear, cold weather, the babbling of many tongues. Verily a carnival city. Toronto society circles seem to have entered fully into the idea and many parties have been arranged.

The railway companies are heartily co-operating with the carnival management, the Canadian Pacific Railway offering reduced rates for visitors to the Carnival City from Toronto and points east. Winter sports will

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there be seen to their best advantage, the championships of Canada—we may say the world—in many branches being included in the programme. None of the time honored proceedings of carnival week will be forgotten, combined with many new features. The Quebecers are doubly fortunate in having the active support of Montreal's citizens in social and sporting circles. Programmes of events may be had at the Canadian Pacific Railway offices, 1 King street east, or 30 York street.



A Common Error.

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TAKE the Oil from the Olive,
What is left?

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The lace curtain display in our show windows affords some idea of the stylish variety which "stock-taking" has brought out among the goods that we offer below value this month. Our new importations are expected very shortly, and the prices marked on these curtains this week tell very plainly how little we care to carry anything over from the old stock. The collection includes many very choice patterns in

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Births.

FITZGERALD—Jan. 8, Mrs. J. G. Fitzgerald—a daughter.
SNOW—Jan. 11, Mrs. A. J. Russell Snow—a son.
HARRISON—Jan. 12, Mrs. Arthur Harrison—a son.
ROBINSON—Jan. 12, Mrs. J. Robinson—a son.
CAVEN—Jan. 11, Mrs. W. T. Caven—a daughter.
JACKSON—Jan. 4, Mrs. Ernest Jarvis—a daughter.
CRICKMORE—Jan. 3, Mrs. Edwin Crickmore—a daughter.
DINGMAN—Jan. 7, Mrs. Allan Dingman—a son.
HOWSON—Jan. 15, Mrs. Harry Howson—a daughter.
STONE—Jan. 9, Mrs. J. F. Stone—a daughter.

Marriages.

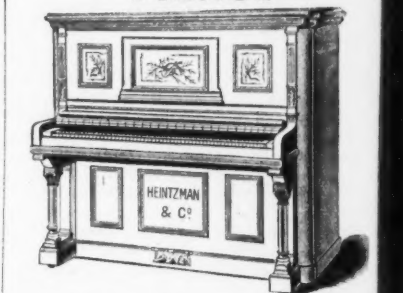
MACKINNON—OLIVER—Jan. 16, P. D. MacKinnon, Winnipeg, to Pauline Oliver, Toronto.
HAMILTON—BALL—Jan. 8, John D. Hamilton to Catherine Ball.

MOURE—BERTHO—Jan. 17, Ferdinand Albert Moure to Amy Berthou.
EVANS—DORLAND—Jan. 3, W. M. Evans to Luella Dorland.
McGREGOR—WOLFF—Jan. 11, George McGregor to Lottie Wood Wolf.
STEFFEN—BARR—Jan. 10, George L. Steffen to Mary E. Barr.
HARPER—McKENZIE—Jan. 10, George Harper to Emily McKenzie.
ROSS—TEMPLETON—Jan. 4, Caleb Ross to Kate G. Templeton.

Deaths.

PLATT—Jan. 11, Eliza Platt, aged 74.
STONEHOUSE—Jan. 11, Isaac Stonehouse, aged 82.
WOOD—Jan. 15, Janet Wood, aged 83.
COSBIE—Jan. 11, Nora Kathleen Cosbie, aged 83.
HILL—Jan. 9, Mary Hill, aged 89.
HILLIER—Dec. 25, Caroline Ann Hillier, aged 93.
PERRY—Jan. 11, Daniel Perry, aged 80.
HUTCHESON—Jan. 14, Rebecca Hutcheson, aged 83.
KIRKWOOD—Jan. 13, Louisa Mary Kirkwood, aged 77.
WICKS—Jan. 13, Theresa Wicks, aged 22.
YORKE—Jan. 14, Laura Yorke.
MURDOCH—Jan. Margaret Murdoch, aged 78.
GORMAN—Jan. 14, Mrs. Gorman, aged 79.
STRACHAN—Jan. 14, Margaret M. Strachan.
CULLEN—Jan. Peter Cullen, aged 71.
HOUGH—Jan. 14, Thomas Hough, aged 54.
McCAUSLAND—Jan. 17, Anne Jane McCausland.
GRAHAM—Jan. 16, Mary F. Graham, aged 83.
HOBSON—Jan. 15, Marion Hobson, aged 17.

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